

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 347

Week Ending
NOVEMBER 7, 1925

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

THE SEVENTH YEAR OF PEACE

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A HERO'S CROSS WHY IT WAS BROUGHT TO LONDON

The Glowing Memory of
Roland Philipps, Scout

A MAN OF WAR AND PEACE

They have brought to London, from the little village graveyard at Aveluy, near Albert, the battle cross of a great gentleman whose life was devoted to the Scout ideal.

His name was Roland Philipps, and he was the son of Lord St. Davids. Roland, as everybody called him, was 26 when he gave his life for his country in 1916, at the Battle of the Somme, leading his beloved Fusiliers against the pick of the Prussian Guard. His elder brother Colwyn had fallen the year before.

The Patrol Leader

It is commonly believed that Roland would have been Chief Scout had he lived long enough. At 24 he was Assistant Commissioner for North-East London, and besides directing the work of six London Associations he was engaged in organising Scout work in Wales. And it is to him that the Scout Movement owes the institution of the Patrol Leader.

Mr. Roy Shapley, Warden of the East London Settlement in Stepney Green, which is now the Headquarters of East London Scouts, and is named after Roland Philipps, went over to France the other day to bring away the cross from the grave of this gallant knight. It now lies in the famous Toc H Church of All-Hallows, Barking-by-the-Tower, and on Armistice Night, very quietly and gently, it will be brought away to the old-world house in Stepney Green, which Roland intended for the centre of his work, and which was made his permanent and living memorial in 1916, soon after his death.

Beloved by All

It would take many columns to tell a tithe of the wonderful things his noble heart designed and accomplished in the few brief years that were given to him. In those years he gained the trust and affection of all who met him, men or boys, women and girls, and inspired the movement with ideals that will never be forgotten.

He took the same gift with him when he joined the Army. His men adored him, and would have followed him anywhere. No wonder he won the Military Cross and was recommended for the Victoria Cross, though death took him before he could receive that high honour. But perhaps we shall get a better insight into his character from one or two stories told by his friends. Here is one.

He was to attend a conference at Manchester in the spring of 1914, and his friend Geoffrey Elwes was waiting at the station, having secured two seats in the train. The time was getting on, and

The Policeman's Ring



Another interesting traffic idea is being tried, this time at Snaresbrook, in Essex, one of London's outer suburbs. The policeman regulating the traffic stands inside a bold white circle painted on the roadway in full view of oncoming traffic, which thus knows exactly where to stop when signalled

no Roland appeared. Then, just before the train was to start, he came rushing on to the platform in Scout uniform; and his excuse for his late arrival was characteristic.

"You see," he explained, "just as I got to the station a large family arrived on the way to Liverpool—a mother and a lot of children, with bundles and bags. They were not the kind of party that provide tips, and the porters seemed busy elsewhere, so of course I took charge of the party. But one bundle came undone, and then a small child fell down and cried, and it took some time to get them comfortably into their train."

And this other story the same friend tells of him:

"We were travelling on the top of a bus from Bethnal Green to Liverpool Street, late one night, when suddenly Roland jumped up, waved his hand, and gave the full salute. 'Hullo!' I said. 'Who's that to?' The Commissioner for London, I suppose?" "Oh, no," he said. "I saw a Tenderfoot on the top of that bus. I do like to greet a brother Scout." Such were the manners and ideas of

this Scout Leader, who was born to the enjoyment of immense wealth, but reckoned his gold in service, duty, and affection. No one was too high for his friendship, no one too low. No detail of training or Scout Law remained for long unknown to his keen, inquiring mind.

He was a friend of his boys, he made his home with them in the poor and dismal surroundings of Bethnal Green, and he gave not money alone (for that was little enough to him), but all his time and enthusiasm to this great movement which, however it may mourn his loss, must for ever rejoice in his memory.

EXCHANGING CLASSES

Colfe Grammar School, at Lewisham, must be rather a jolly school to be at. It exchanges its pupils with French schools, so that the boys get a chance of seeing and knowing another country than their own. Many schools do that, but Colfe exchanges masters too.

The experiment has given so much satisfaction that it is proposed to try sending whole classes for whole terms. Other schools please copy!

THE BELOVED LIEUTENANT

REMARKABLE DEVOTION
OF HIS COMRADES

How They Held Their Lost
Leader in the Saddle

DRAMATIC INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN MOROCCO

An extraordinary story, which is perfectly true, comes to us from Fez. It is an incident in the French war in Morocco, and we give it as our correspondent sends it.

It is August 12. On all parts of the front the French troops are endeavouring, by being everywhere at once, to make up for their insufficient numbers and to resist the invading hordes. In the neighbourhood of Wezzan orders have come that the post at Mzona is to be withdrawn, and the manoeuvre is being carried out.

In Command

A company of Major Chatrone's battalion, a famous battalion that has had its part in every fight, is told off to occupy a piece of rising ground. All at once the battalion commander sees this company retiring in perfect order. He observes it more closely and is astounded. In the middle of the company, on horseback, is to be seen the lieutenant in command, Condamine de la Tour.

The major cannot believe his eyes. He moves forward in anger, intending to rebuke his subordinate most severely for exposing himself in that way to the fire of all the rifles ambushed in the rocks near by.

He reaches the company. He is about to shout his orders; but the words die away on his lips. Condamine de la Tour is indeed on horseback, but he is no longer in the land of the living. Two native sergeants are holding him in the saddle! The riflemen are retreating, but they do not wish to let the enemy know that they had struck this valiant officer.

Facing the Enemy

The dramatic scene is to become more dramatic still. Major Chatrone orders the company to make for another point where its presence is needed, and all the men with one accord beseech him to let them keep their lieutenant with them. They wish to face the enemy once again "with him."

So it was; so the tragic ride continued. The company fought till night under the command of a dead man whom it seemed still to obey.

In the evening, the hero's body was brought reverently back to camp; his men made a stout bier on which it was conveyed to Wezzan; and there the mortal remains of Lieutenant Condamine de la Tour were laid to rest among his comrades-in-arms. They felt that he would sleep more calmly there than in the lonely hills.

A SHORT WAY TO A TREASURE HOUSE

700 GREAT BOOKS
The Wonderful Library that
He Who Runs May Read
LITTLE COPIES OF THEIR BOOKS
BY FAMOUS AUTHORS

By Arthur Mee

Long ago, before the world fell to pieces, before the C.N. was thought of, before many of its readers were born, I wrote in a little book these words:

I spent last night with a man who knew Cromwell. I sat with him in a room lined with gold. In this little room, looking out upon a green lawn in a village in Kent, lives a king of the world, a man who knew Cromwell.

If all the copies of the things in this room were destroyed in other places the Governments of every civilised nation would send ambassadors to wait upon me in my little room.

For this little room has in it the key of the greatest happiness that man has learned to communicate to his fellow-men. I sat in it last night with Milton; I sit in it tonight with Burke; tomorrow I meet Shakespeare there. It is the meeting-place of kings—my library.

This library, this meeting place of the kings of thought and the founders of knowledge, is open to all who will, and yet how many of us are there in these busy days of the world who have time to do justice to a library, though Shakespeare is waiting for us there?

Hammerton and Mee

So it was even then, and so it was that there came to me the idea of an easy way of understanding the great books that every man should know. So we set to work, my friend Mr. Hammerton and I, to give the world a short summary of the thousand greatest books that should be part of everybody's education. The merry men of Punch, I remember, wrote some lines like this:

Lord Northcliffe seized his microscope
All authors for to see,
But the only two that met his view
Were Hammerton and Mee.

But even Punch's men saw how great a task we had set ourselves, and faithful to the facts were those neat lines:

It can't be done, said Hammerton;
It must be done, said Mee.

A Great Thing Well Done

Well many things have happened since then, and now Mr. Hammerton has done alone what together we never did so well—he has done justice to this great idea, and once more is giving to the world an entirely new working out of this scheme. There lies on the bookstall now, side by side with the C.N., Part One of The World's Great Books in Outline, and in it is the essence of 18 literary masterpieces, written so that you can read any one of them in less than an hour. That is to say, you can take any one of these books and have a reasonable idea of what is in it while the hand of the clock goes round once.

It is not a question of having a few extracts from the book; our idea was much greater than that. In this first part is one of the famous books of Mr. H.G. Wells; you will see his portrait on the bookstalls introducing the book to you. It is Mr. Wells himself who has retold this famous story for The World's Great Books. He wrote the book so that it would take you a day or more to read it; here he tells you what it is all about in less than an hour.

The Short and Easy Way

Take another case; we will take The Garden of Allah. It is Mr. Hichens himself who abridges this for The World's Great Books. When we remember that this part contains something of Shakespeare and Plato and Erasmus, something of Chaucer and Herodotus and Dr. Johnson, something of Jeremy Taylor, of John Gay's Beggar's Opera,

THE FAILURE OF ABDUL KRIM

Surrounded by French
and Spanish Armies
RAINS STOP MOVEMENT
FOR THE WINTER

The rains have begun in Morocco and till April they will prevent all big movements of troops.

The French and Spaniards on the one side, and Abdul Krim and his Riff tribesmen on the other, worked their hardest during the few weeks of September and early October when it was not too hot and not too wet for decisive fighting. Neither side has gained the victory, and the war must drag on till Spring unless peace is made now.

Abdul Krim, it is clear, made a sad mistake when he allowed his successes against Spain to tempt him into defying the armies of France. With France in the field to help them the Spaniards have been able to give a good account of themselves. They have been able to land near the Rifi headquarters at Adjir and capture the town, driving the enemy before them. Pushing inland, they have joined forces with the French, so that now the Riffs have to meet pressure from the East as well as from the West and South, with the enemy fleets to the North. They have lost the gains they made last Spring, and tribe after tribe has deserted.

Thus the Riffs begin the winter with very poor prospects of getting either the provisions or the ammunition they need.

FIGHTING A GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT

West Ham and Whitehall

The Poor Law Guardians of West Ham do not agree with the Government as to how much poor relief should be given to heads of families who are unemployed. They have been insisting on giving 59s. a week to men with big families, whereas Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Minister of Health, thinks 55s. enough. Apparently they would have gone on cheerfully defying him if they had not been short of money.

Like many other places where unemployment is heavy and the neighbourhood is poor, West Ham has for a long time had to borrow money for poor relief, the high rates not yielding enough. But local authorities may not borrow money without the consent of the Ministry of Health, and when West Ham came to an end of its last loan and asked leave to borrow more, Mr. Chamberlain would not let them borrow unless they did as he required.

They refused for weeks, till they had not money to pay salaries. The Minister, meanwhile, made arrangements to do the work they could not, and at last the Guardians have given way.

Continued from the previous column

of Daniel Defoe and Karl Marx; and when we realise that Mr. Hilaire Belloc abridges for us his famous book on The Path to Rome, we understand what a marvellous shillingworth it is. When all the forty fortnightly parts are out, and the book is bound, it will be a short and easy way to the heart of 700 great books, and nobody who reads it through can be poor or ignorant.

C.N. readers love great books and great ideas, and here they have both in what is really an admirable magazine, with this great advantage over most magazines—that nobody would think of throwing it away or leaving it behind, but that everybody will want it to grow into a lovely book as it is meant to do. Part One is everywhere now, an old friend bright and new.

THE TOY THAT CHANGES THE AEROPLANE

IDEA BEHIND THE
AUTO-GIRO

A Child's Windmill that Helped
an Inventor

DON QUIXOTE AND THE GIANTS

How amazingly the right mind turns toys and primitive conceptions in invention to epoch-making advances in Man's conquest of Nature!

The lowliest creatures in the human scale are the aborigines of Australia, yet they invented the boomerang, that marvellous implement out of which modern science has evolved the aeroplane propeller.

A copper with a device for permitting the expansion of the steam from the water in which a freak supper for philosophers was boiled 300 years ago gave us the safety valve, without which steam engines could not have been created.

A Double Boomerang

A toy which is like a little double-length boomerang, mounted on a spindle, rapidly caused to revolve by a thread and so sent flying up into the air, is the foundation of the marvellous Auto-Giro aeroplane which is now exciting the flying men.

That toy was virtually the half of a full four-winged set of windmill planes; the new mechanism for this latest flying machine, is a full set of windmill wings, but working horizontally like the toy instead of like the windmill. Its resemblance to the toy and to the windmill is unmistakable, so we cannot but wonder what Don Quixote, to whose country its Spanish inventor belongs, would have said of it.

But no, we need not wonder; we know, for his conduct on the plain where some two score mills stood informs us.

Thirty Giants

"Fortune," cried Don Quixote to Sancho Panza, "directs our affairs better than we could have wished. Look yonder, Sancho, there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and, having deprived them of life, we will enrich ourselves with their spoils, for they are lawful prize; and the extirpation of that vile brood will be an acceptable service to heaven."

Then, in spite of warnings from Sancho, he spurred his horse, set his lance in rest, and charged the windmills.

"Stand, cowards!" he cried; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight who does encounter you all."

At that moment, the wind rising, the mill sails began to work. "Base miscreants," cried Don Quixote, "though you move more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance."

Windmills in London

So up he raced and drove his lance into the first sail he could reach, with the result that his lance was shattered to pieces, and the good knight, with his luckless horse, was hurled across the plain. Now, had those mills been Auto-Giros—!

When Cervantes, the author of this immortal piece of fun, was writing his delightful book, there were very many windmills in London; we still have over a dozen thoroughfares named after them. But of late not even Holland has permitted the erection of the old style of mills on her flats, yet the ancient contrivance and the toy of our childhood, in spite of the beloved Don Quixote's slight misunderstanding of their name and purpose, pops up again as the newest wonder in an age of mechanical marvels.

THE WRONG WAY WITH THE ONLY WAY

Film Selfishness in U.S.A.
BOYCOTTING A GOOD THING

Hands across the sea is a friendly gesture which can only be useful when the hands meet in a clasp that intends to give and take. This intention is far from being fulfilled by the American kinsman when he is dealing with kinema films, which he has been handing across the sea in such vast numbers that it is hard to view anything else at English kinema theatres.

When, however, the little British brother of the American film industry produces a film like "The Only Way," a moving chapter of the French Revolution which Charles Dickens gave to the world, in such a way that it interests all humanity, the National Film Company of America refuses to let it enter their country. In fact, where American people are concerned, the movies move only one way.

Too Good

It is not that the American film company thinks "The Only Way" not good enough. It is, in fact, too good. It is a beautiful presentation of a story which has thrilled generations of people all over the world since it was first told, and it is truly international in its pathos and its teaching. But, because of its beauty, it might oust some of the stupid vulgarities which spring from the rubbish heaps of Los Angeles, so the American film producer replaces his slogan of *Hands Across the Sea* with the more paying one of *No English Need Apply*.

It is a profound pity, and it is selfish in the worst way. It is very difficult to be friendly if the good things of one nation are to be boycotted by another; and in this case, one of the best films ever produced is being boycotted by a country which produces some of the worst films ever seen.

THINGS SAID

When Europe begins to look forward she will move forward. *Mr. Churchill*

Beware of the people who call themselves "jolly dogs." *Dr Dinsdale Young*

I am prepared to be the only Liberal. *Mr. Chesterton*

I would rather be called a carping housewife than a slothful one. *Mrs. Baldwin*

It should be made an offence to allow vehicles or people to stand within the white line area. *Mr. A. Witteside*

England today needs a great religious leader more than great statesmen.

Sir F. Younghusband

We are at the beginning of a new Christian era. *Rev. R. J. Campbell*

The miracle of Locarno is that there has sprung up the will to peace.

The Prime Minister

There is no better workman in the whole world than the British workman.

Mr. W. R. Morris.

I do not know anybody who could either work or play comfortably in ill-fitting boots. *Lady Mayoress of London*

If we could come back in 100 years I should expect to find a United States of Europe, a great America, and a great China, as the three pillars of the world.

Mr. H. G. Wells

The plant of order is frail, and if ever it should be uprooted the suffering that would fall upon the nation would be beyond the wit of man to measure or describe. *Mr. Frank Hodges*

It was the British pioneering spirit that built up Canada. Get busy and show us that you can still lead the world in commerce.

A Canadian Business Man

A BOOK MYSTERY THE SECRET OF JOHN INGLESANT

Revealed After More Than
Forty Years

A SHOCK FOR THE CRITICS

In the last number of the venerable Quarterly Review one of the strangest mysteries in the story of how books have been written has been revealed.

Forty-four years ago Joseph Henry Shorthouse, a Birmingham manufacturer, published a book which he called John Inglesant. At first it had been privately printed, but coming into the hands of people with a taste for books it was recommended to a leading publisher and re-issued by him.

Famous but Not Popular

Almost at once it became famous in a literary sense, and had a large sale among people who think of style as the best test of a book. Ever since the first outburst of praise from critics John Inglesant has remained a book that has commanded literary respect, though it has not had, and indeed never had, a really popular sale.

The reason it did not have a ready sale, in spite of the praise bestowed on its style, was clear. The tale moved sluggishly. It held together loosely. A picture of the times of the Civil War when Charles the First claimed to reign by Divine Right, a picture depending on historic feeling in the air, religious meditations, and an old-fashioned mode of writing suiting the period, did not attract the average reader.

Still the book made a place for itself, and was much more successful than any of the half-dozen other novels published by Mr. Shorthouse after John Inglesant.

A Literary Mosaic

Twenty-two years ago, Mr. Shorthouse died. He was 47 years old when he published his first book. His life was written in two volumes, and he seemed to have secured a good degree of respect among readers who lay claim to the possession of superior taste.

Now, suddenly, a very big stone is thrown by Mr. W. K. Fleming into the still waters of this good man's literary memory. His John Inglesant is shown to be, in a very large degree, a mosaic pieced together out of a score or more of books of the period of Charles the First, or dealing with that period. Considerable passages are copied out word for word, and immense trouble was taken to dovetail in shorter extracts or sentences. In short, the book is a literary medley.

What Remains Unexplained

Two mysteries lurk behind this discovery. One is why Joseph Henry Shorthouse ever took the trouble to make up a composite book from a host of authors, blending it together with writing of his own and treating it all as his own.

The other mystery is why not one of the critical admirers of the book, men who knew the books from which such plentiful pickings were taken, failed to detect the true sources of the book.

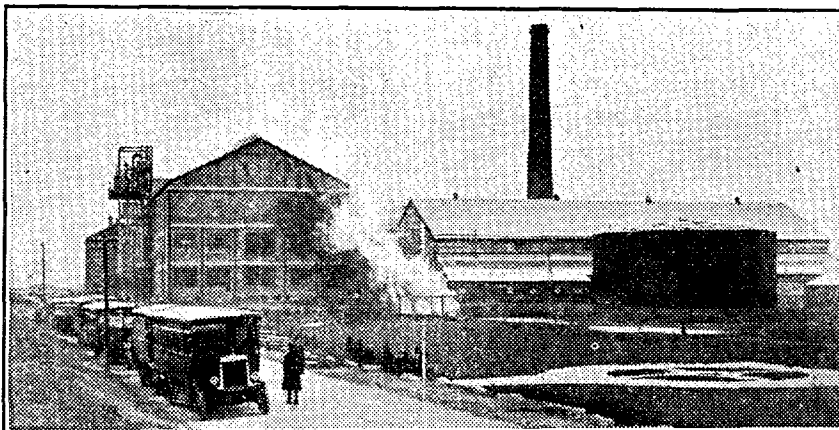
All at once the literary reputation of this most respectable writer is shattered by Mr. Fleming's bomb of plain truth, and literary criticism at the same time gets an awkward shock.

In the Auction Rooms

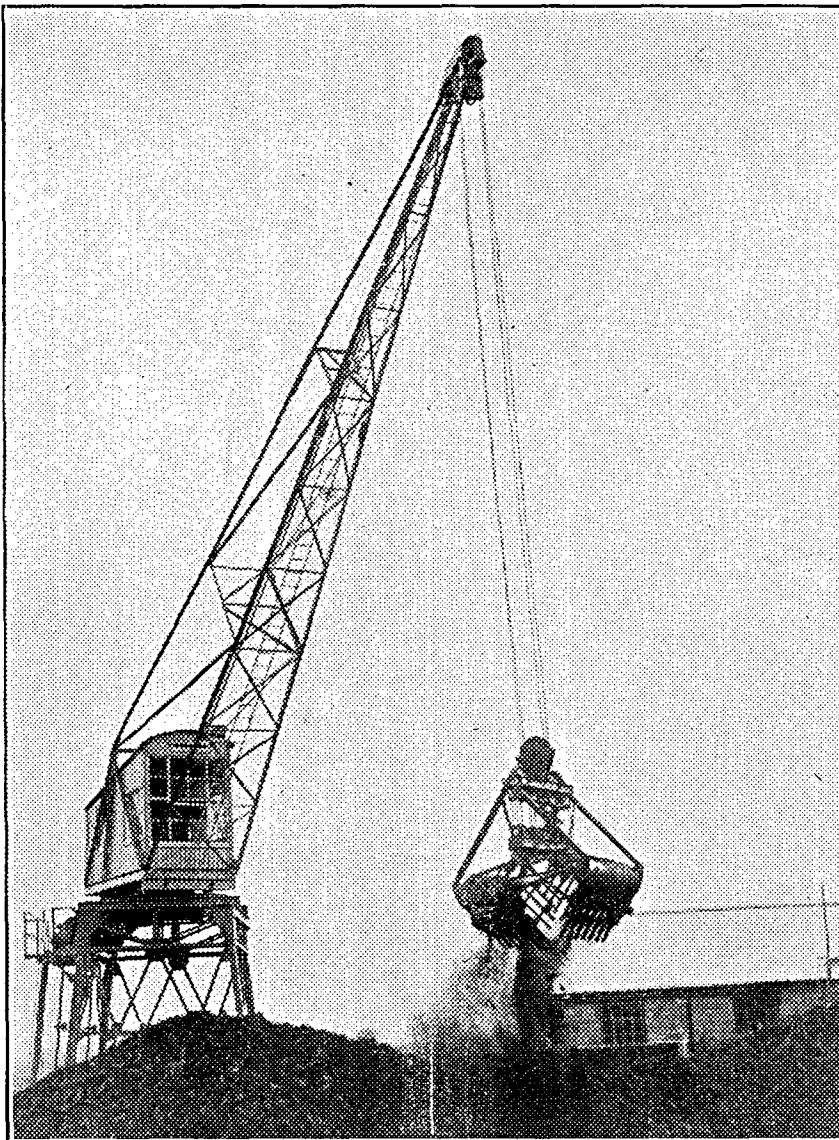
The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Painting of the Rembrandt school	£304
A drawing by Birket Foster	£241
A painting by S. Scott	£178
An antique English bracket clock	£170
A Baxter colour print	£78

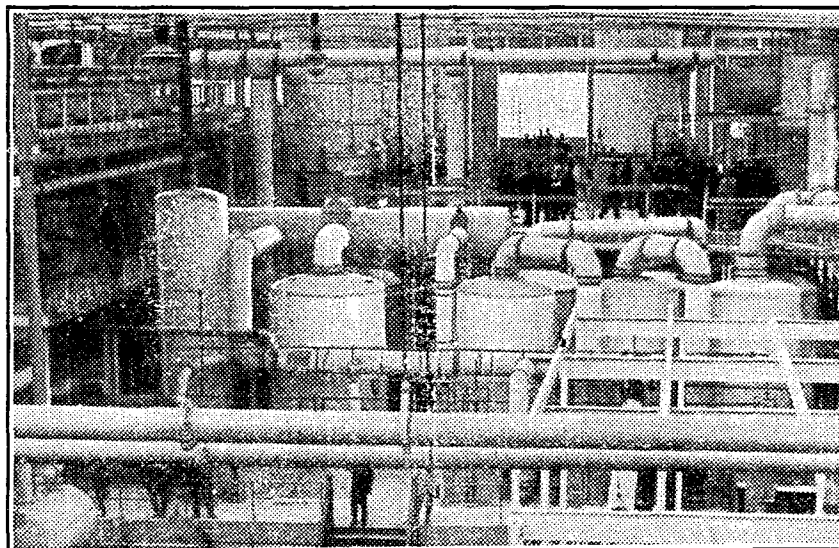
ENGLAND'S NEW SUGAR FACTORY



The new sugar-beet factory just completed at Ely



The big crane unloading beet into the washing apparatus



A section of the complicated machinery at work

The new sugar-beet factory at Ely has just been opened officially by the Minister of Agriculture and is already busily engaged in making sugar from beets grown in England. It is hoped in time to build up a big and profitable beet-sugar industry in this country

A GREATER THING THAN WATERLOO

WHO WILL HELP TO
DO IT?

A Bitter Cry for Help for a
Noble Cause

BIG CHANCE FOR HAPPY PEOPLE

A boy's life here has a soul-destroying dreariness about it which would break down the courage of a saint. I live among them, I can see the cruel damage being done, and I know we can help a number to escape.

We could do more if we had more room, but as it is we manage somehow to give a fighting chance in life to a thousand boys at a cost of £1 a year a head.

A Cry from Mansfield House

The C.N. has friends everywhere and we all want each other to be happy.

Some of us are well off and have plenty of clothes, games, books. But there are others. There are always others, and from those who watch over some of them, this cry for help has reached the Editor. It comes from Canning Town, by the river, a district which is in spirit as far from Piccadilly Circus as from Honolulu.

Grey Streets Their Nurseries

There is in Canning Town a kind of club called Mansfield House, and attached to it is the Fairbairn House Boys' Club. It is a Settlement founded by University men in 1890, and now has some 1200 members. It was the first attempt to bring hope to the men and boys of West Ham.

Only education can achieve this, the kind of education that begins when boys in the slums leave school. They have no healthy outlet for their activities. The grey streets were their nurseries, with squalor and ugliness for a background. Until some of these boys joined the Fairbairn Club they had never seen green fields or heard a lark, or known how intensely beautiful the world is. They were surrounded by men who worked and drank and quarrelled their way through life.

The Triumph of Good

From this horrible slough of despond Mansfield House Settlement has been drawing boys and men for a generation. It does not preach religious or political news. It goes straight to the human heart. It says to those lads whose home is a horrible garret: *Come here; read, work, play, be yourself, but behave.*

Let us think for a moment what this means. For slum lads to be taught how noble it is to be truthful, to give up slouching, dirty habits, and the crime that is possible in the dark places of any human heart, is a far greater thing than winning the Battle of Waterloo. It means that good has triumphed over evil. And a host of lads have been led to this glorious victory of the spirit by Mansfield House.

What is Needed

But Mansfield House cannot live on the love and devotion of its workers, which, freely given, are beyond price. It has very heavy bills to meet, like any other huge establishment. The Settlement has no endowments or investments of any kind, and it needs new buildings to replace temporary ones. To clear the Settlement of debt and arrange for these about £30,000 is needed.

It seems a large sum, but if every reader of the C.N. sent just half-a-crown it would free Mansfield House from debt and give it a new home. Think of the happiness and good which each of us would help to bring about just by writing to the Secretary, Mansfield House, Canning Town, and saying:

Dear Mr. Secretary, The C.N. has told us of your S.O.S. Here is something.

Send it a mite: it will help you to be happy when you shall come to think of it in the years to be.

AN ANCIENT REBEL THE DONKEY THAT KEPT A CHURCH WAITING

The Tide of Fury that Surges
Through an Old Friend

A MAGIC RIDE

Donkeys rarely come into the news save when they are savage and rebellious, so that when a costermongers' service was badly delayed at a London church the other day, and a donkey's interference was mentioned, it was taken for granted that the animal had been up to villainous tricks again, and so it proved to be.

For when Jim Duckworth, the King of the Costers, went into the stable to harness Billy to lead the church procession the animal bit him, kicked him, knocked him down; and had he not been haltered to his manger would possibly have killed him by rolling on him.

The Donkey's Fiery Inheritance

That is typical donkey conduct. No matter how we pet and gently house them, the day comes when a savage tide of native ferocity surges through them, and woe to the victim. We speak of "the patient ass," but the ass is not naturally patient; it is a wild creature which inherits memory of the freedom of the fiery desert from which we captured its ancestors.

It is the one domestic animal with which we have not done well in England. Our donkey is the poor, stunted product of centuries of mismanagement and ill-usage in a climate which is an abomination to animals intolerant of cold and damp. It may toddle meekly enough about its menial task, but in its stubborn heart the old fire slumbers undying, and when that fire flames up, it is the untamed ass of the boundless sunny wastes that kicks, bites, and crushes the kindly master who symbolises captivity.

A Modern Spartacus

Old Rome made a captive of Spartacus, that bold son of the Thracian wild, and trained him as a gladiator. He in his turn, with the courage of the wild ass, turned on his captors, led the gladiators and slaves against the Roman armies and civilians, conquering cities and provinces, yet knowing throughout that he and his forces were doomed. The ass is our Spartacus, and his rebellions are as few but as vehement as the gladiator's, perhaps one in a lifetime. He bides his time and transmits his hatred of captivity to his offspring.

The newspapers show the donkey as merely an unredeemed savage; scientific writings prove him to be one of the most sagacious of mammals; poets in general either mock or pity him. But he has his laureate: Mr. G. K. Chesterton has a wonderful little poem on the donkey, a few lines of astonishing beauty which really penetrate the nature of the animal.

On the Road to Jerusalem

He makes the ass speak in terms of fury and hate, yet remembering a sacred journey on a road that led to Jerusalem: *Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb, I keep my secret still,*

it says, and then it goes on with these four lines of wonderful and vivid power:

*Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.*

We shall never wholly win the donkey to sweet reasonableness in our midst, but the history of that one magic day must always foster in us a tender respect for the victim of ancient servitude.

NEGRO REPUBLIC TO BE TRANSFORMED

New Life for Liberia

BIG IDEA FOR A MILLION-ACRE RUBBER PLANTATION

The not very prosperous West African Republic of Liberia is promised a wonderful transformation.

As the Republic was established by Americans for their freed slaves it is appropriate that the new help should come from America. Mr. Firestone, a famous tyre manufacturer whose name is known throughout America, has got a lease from the Liberian Government for 99 years of a million acres of land for rubber growing. His company expects to employ three hundred thousand natives when the scheme is in full swing, with thirty thousand white Americans to look after the estate, make the necessary railways and quays, and so on.

A Rubber Nursery

It takes fifteen years for a rubber plantation to grow up and yield rubber, but the company has obtained a British plantation of two thousand acres which it will use as a "nursery" from which trees can be planted out. The total cost is put at twenty million pounds, and the output of rubber aimed at is 250,000 tons a year, half the whole present output of the world!

We have not heard yet what the Liberian Parliament says to it all. It may not like letting Liberia be run by Americans, and there are Englishmen who say the natives will not work on the plantations in the numbers and for the pay the Americans expect. But if the right sort of Americans go to Liberia their presence should be a great help to a people whose progress has rather lagged behind that of the neighbouring British colonies.

THE LIGHTS THAT BLAZE AND DIE

Watching the Trains Go By

A few months ago the C.N. was describing how at some American stations the lamps are automatically lighted by the trains as they pass through. A lady near Cape Town sends us a little note on the subject from South Africa, where the system has been in use for many years.

From my little iron house about fifteen miles from Cape Town (she says) I see the lights of five stations on the suburban line blaze up and as quickly die down in the darkness of the night. The line skirts the magnificent Table Range, and I watch the lights from Muizenberg up to Wynburg, after which those of the succeeding stations are lost in the bends and turns before skirting Devil's Peak. In the clear air the bright lights carry far, and though I am at least two miles from the nearest I am always sensible of the change in intensity of light.

CARPENTER'S CONCRETE

Sawing it Into Shape

Some very interesting things are going on in the concrete world, for it has been found that by mixing concrete with wood it can be made handier and lighter.

One big firm is already producing an excellent building material by mixing sawdust with its concrete, and now a new material which is composed of shredded wood impregnated with chemicals has been tried.

This is mixed with cement and compressed into blocks by special machines, each block being equal in size to 60 bricks, but only 142 pounds in weight. One block can be handled easily by two men.

Another interesting thing about the new material is that it can be sawn into pieces with a carpenter's saw, and nails can be driven into it quite easily.

THE OSPREY WEARERS

Why Not Protect the Law?

A smuggler of Indian egret plumes has been fined £50, yet women are still wearing ospreys in their hats.

For a time after the Plumage Bill was passed, making their importation illegal, it was understood that this was because existing stocks were still being used up, but stocks must have been exhausted long since, and these wearers of feathers torn from mother birds on their nests are profiting from the law-breaking of those who supply them.

Why should we allow it? Why should we punish only the smugglers? Why not punish the shopkeepers who sell them knowing their importation to be illegal? Indeed, why not punish the wearers themselves?

It is to please them that the smuggling is done, because of the prices they are willing to pay for their blood-stained trophies. If shame will not stop them from flaunting their cruelty, why not try fining them, with imprisonment in the case of a second offence? They would not like being stopped in the street by a policeman.

LITTLE DORRIT IN REAL LIFE

The Room She Slept In

Charles Dickens did not invent Little Dorrit. There really was a young woman, looking like a child, who went to see her father in the Marshalsea, the debtor's prison in Southwark, and, finding the gates closed for the night, slept till morning in the vestry of St. George the Martyr, close by.

And now the new Rector of Southwark, Rev. Edward Neep, has decided to open Little Dorrit's Vestry to the young women in business in the neighbourhood as a lunch room. They are to bring their own food, and the Rector will supply hot water! The church's second vestry is offered in the same way to young men.

The Marshalsea was in existence in the reign of Edward the Third and before, but was abolished in 1849.

WAR MEMORIALS

More Inscriptions

Two more inscriptions on War Memorials reach us for our collection.

A panel in the church at Alyth, Perthshire, has the words from Isaiah:

Who are these that fly as a cloud and as doves to their windows?

A passage from Thucydides comes from Sandroyd School chapel:

They gave their bodies to the Commonwealth and received, each for his own memory, praise that will never die, and with it the grandest of all tombs, not that in which their mortal bones are laid, but a home in the hearts of men. For the whole Earth is the sepulchre of famous men, and their story is not only graven on stone, but lives on far away without visible symbol, woven into the stuff of other men's lives.

NATIONAL SAVING

Lower Army Pay

Soldiers' pay has had a heavy drop. It is now only 2s. a day instead of 2s. 9d. There has been no fall in the cost of living lately, so it is presumably thought that the pay has been too high since the last drop in prices, or that at any rate enough men can be got at 2s.

Officers come down too. A second lieutenant on joining gets 10s. 4d., and when ultimately he becomes a captain he will get 19s. 10d. a day. The old figures were 13s. and £1 3s. 6d.

Of course, people already in the Army will get what they have been promised; the new rates only apply to newcomers.

SHORT WEIGHT AN OLD COMPLAINT

Bacon Befriends an Inspector
who Perhaps Saw Shakespeare
LEAD WEIGHTS AND BRASS

England is much excited by the discovery that, as the law stands, purchasers have no guarantee of getting the correct weight of goods for which they pay, except in the case of three or four articles. As to these, the authorities have a right to test the weight; but with respect to all others they have no such right.

Will it be believed that this battle for right is hundreds of years old; that Shakespeare had as much difficulty as the poor man of the modern mean street in getting legal weight, and that the great Lord Chancellor Bacon, before his disgrace and fall, had to intervene to secure an indirect livelihood for the official whose duty it was to see that weights and scales were just?

Move by the City Companies

What we have been doing is to see that the metal weights are correct; and that is where the purchasers have always suffered. So it was in Shakespeare's London days.

We find the Lord Mayor of that time complaining to Queen Elizabeth's Lord Treasurer that there was no proper "Assize of Weights," that tradesmen used what weights they chose "to the great deceit of the people."

The City Companies were stirred. The Founders' Company wrote to the Lord Treasurer suggesting that all leaden weights should be substituted by brass weights, which the members of the Founders' Company exclusively made.

Plaint of the Plumbers

The shopkeepers replied that to change their lead weights for brass ones would be a great hardship, they being poor men. The Corporation said that the evilly-disposed who tampered with lead would tamper with brass, and the Plumbers' Company, which made the suspected leaden weights, protested that if the Queen consented to the use of brass weights made by the Founders the poor Plumbers' Company would have their living taken from them!

After 28 years of debate the Privy Council declared that the King had heard of great abuses in the matter of weights, and they suggested that two inspectors of weights, who had formerly done much good in Queen Elizabeth's time in searching out false weights, should be again employed. One of the two men was Robert Thompson. This official served during the last five years of Shakespeare's lifetime, and must a thousand times have seen the illustrious poet as they both busied themselves about the City, the one looking to just weights, and the other to the performance of such plays as Measure for Measure.

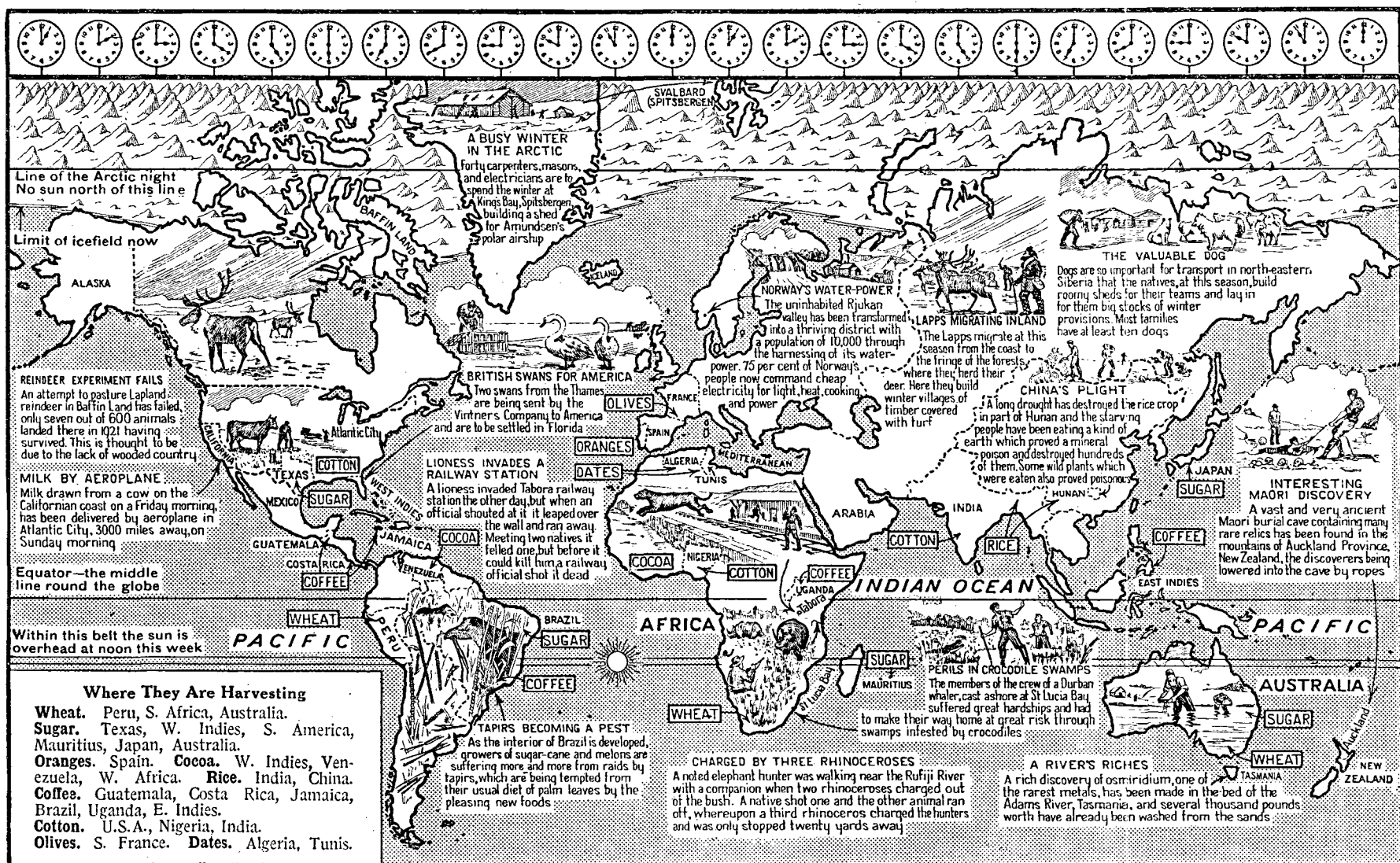
Bacon as Poor Man's Champion

It was in the year after Shakespeare's death that Bacon appeared in the conflict. His part was to write a letter of reproach to the Corporation on behalf of our friend Robert Thompson, who, said the mighty scholar, had done "good service at great pains and charges to himself, for which he had received so small recompense that he was discouraged to proceed further."

It is pleasant to picture this immortal but fallible genius in the rôle of a poor man's champion.

The question of honest weights and measures affects every household in this country; but the controversy is invested with a romantic as well as a moral and pecuniary interest when we find that its discussion today links us with Elizabeth and Bacon.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



FISHES IN SEARCH OF WATER Strange Sight in a Canal

A most singular example of the sensitiveness of fresh-water fish to the depth of water in which they swim was afforded in the canal which runs past Crossfield Mill, Blackburn. A reservoir adjoins the canal five miles away, and because it is partially preserved it is full of roach.

Either owing to the drought of late September and early October, or to some other cause, the level of water in the reservoir began to sink. Alarm spread among the roach, and with one accord they moved like an army into the canal, apparently seeking for more water.

That may be the right explanation; the only other plausible one, having regard to the known habits of roach, which are not usually migrants, is that something interfered with their food supply in the reservoir, or poisoned the water for them.

Whatever the cause, thousands of fish swam slowly, some so slowly that they seemed dazed, along the canal, and boys could lift them out of the stream with their hands. There were many dead fish, a fact which seems to favour the idea of poisoning. A fresh-water fish Commission recently sitting seriously considered the poisoning of fresh-water fish by tar substances from roads washed into the water by rain.

COMING AT LAST? Shale Oil

The immense quantities of shale oil waiting to be tapped have often been referred to in the C.N., though so far they have defied the efforts of the chemist to purify them from the sulphur they contain. At last, however, a start has been made in the Mersey Valley, Tasmania, where it is hoped to produce 400 million gallons of oil.

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS The Kindly Office of Works

We do not always like the way the Office of Works puts statues about London, and we should like to see a few of them come down; but it seems right that a word should be said for this great Government Department on a point that has lately been raised.

Few would imagine H.M. Office of Works at Westminster to be a gentle old foster-mother who takes care of rare and ancient buildings, though sometimes the officials of Government Departments are described as old women. But H.M. Office of Works is really a kindly and wise guardian of ancient monuments, who first takes care that they shall never get too old to stand up, and then does its best to see they keep up appearances.

Sir Lionel Earle, of the Office of Works, has lately explained that the department has many other duties cheerfully undertaken besides those of licensing hoardings and statues for the defacement of Hyde Park and other public places. When an old building comes under the care of the Office of Works the first thing done is to waterproof it so that our children's children will be able to look at it as it is now instead of looking on a few crumbled walls that the winds and the rains have left.

But, when all is nicely repaired and cemented and made watertight, the Office of Works invites the lichens and mosses and wallflowers that clothe old buildings with their gentle beauty to come back again till, as old Erasmus Darwin wrote, "returning lichen climbs the topmost stone." When the wild flowers have added their wreaths the Office of Works encourages flower borders and gardens to grow at the building's foot.

WALLS OF COAL

Odd Way of Saving a Ship

Some Grimsby fishermen in the North Atlantic found themselves in a desperate plight the other day, but a good idea saved them.

The hammering of heavy seas had smashed the ribs of their trawler, and the water began to pour in. Worse still, the steel plates in the hull were bending and cracking under every blow, and threatening to collapse.

It seemed as if nothing could save the ship, but all hands set to work to chop up deck boards, and with these they shored up the plates. Then they took coal from the bunkers, packed it between the bulkhead and the ship's side, and hammered it into an almost solid mass.

The coal stopped the inrush of water, and, with the pumps working at full pressure, the trawler just managed to limp into port.

SEVEN PAPERS

Precious Contents of a Tin Box

The lawyers who were called in to deal with the estate of a rich New York manufacturer who died recently got a shock when they were given his papers.

The widow simply produced a little tin box from a drawer in a writing-desk. It contained seven papers, but one was a stock certificate worth a quarter of a million pounds, another a life insurance policy worth 200 thousand pounds, and the other five were Government bonds valued at £20,000 each.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS

Two boys were fighting in a London street, and their mates stood by, urging them on.

A man tried to stop the fight, but, dodging round him, the boys resumed the encounter.

Then a schoolgirl pushed her way between the two, and the young combatants dropped their fists, gave up the struggle, and slunk away.

LUNDY IN LONDON

Little Island Helps to Build the Capital

NO RATES OR TAXES

It must be very pleasant to own an island, particularly an island where there are no rates and taxes.

Such an island, in the mouth of the Bristol Channel, has just been bought by a rich man for £16,000. He becomes monarch of Lundy Island, with such an absolute jurisdiction over it that it is said he could, if he chose, legally hang a man for sheep stealing!

These rights, of course, exist from ancient times, when Lundy was practically an independent land, the home of daring freebooters. It has even been occupied by Turkish pirates and by Spaniards. There are only about fifty people living on the island now, but it has other interesting inhabitants, for it is one of the few remaining haunts of the old black rat, which was once common all over England.

Many of our readers have probably seen Lundy Island from Clovelly, but how many know that they can see a bit of it in London? The island is almost entirely grey granite, and Lundy granite was used in building the Thames Embankment.

The Editor of the C.N. can leave his desk and in five minutes can be leaning on a bit of Lundy Island and looking out upon the flowing water of the Thames as it passes by to the sea, perhaps later on to find its way down the Channel and round the coast to wash the shores of Lundy once again.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Confucius Kon-fu-she-us
Herodotus He-rod-o-tus
Stradivarius Strad-e-vay-re-us
Thucydides Thu-sid-e-deez

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

NOVEMBER 7 1925

The Seventh Year

SEVEN years have passed since the greatest day that we have known. It is the seventh anniversary of the Armistice.

We do not believe in magic, and no superstition can touch us, but we are sorry for those for whom the world is bounded by scientific facts, and we like to think that in this Seventh Day is something of the peace that passeth understanding. God rested on the seventh day and hallowed it, and millions have always felt that there is something strange about the number seven. For us it is enough to think that, as the Seventh Day of Creation was God's day of rest from work, so the Seventh Day of the Armistice may prove to be man's day of rest from war.

It has been a long and weary night since the guns stopped firing and the men stopped falling, but we believe it is true that we have seen the darkest hour that is nearest dawn.

Evil has done its worst and failed. The evil genius that seems to inhabit many of the world's high places is reeling under a heavy blow. Its power has been broken, and we stand on this Seventh Day with the Gates of Peace opening, perhaps into a world that will know no war.

It is a great thing to say, but great things do come true. We believe there is a power outside the world that governs all things, and it moves us on to life more beautiful. We learn from experience, we pass through the fires, we suffer grievously for our sins and follies; but each generation is wiser, each generation sees the way more clearly.

It was not for nothing that the bravest and noblest of mankind passed through the Valley of the Shadow all those years; they led us to the light beyond. Hate is blind, and the eyes of pity are dim with tears, and through seven long years the nations have been sitting in darkness. But the day is coming. They that sat in darkness have seen a great light. The lamps have been lit at Locarno.

In a moving letter written by the American Ambassador during the war Mr. Page was thinking of the men we shall all be thinking of when the Two-Minute Silence comes, and this is what he said. *When a German knows he is going to die his emotions all break forth and he weeps pitifully. A Frenchman sobs and calls for his mother. But Tommy Atkins is silent, as if he had a secret with the Almighty.*

They had their secret with God; they passed to where beyond these voices there is peace. Shall we not believe that God has His secret for those they left behind, for whom peace is coming too?

A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Why We Honour the Soldier

A FRIEND of the C.N. who objects to the braggart inscription on the machine-gun monument at Hyde Park Corner, sends us these words of John Ruskin about the soldier:

The consent of mankind has always given precedence to the soldier, and this is right, for the soldier's trade, verily and essentially, is not slaying but being slain.

This, without well knowing its own meaning, the world honours it for. A bravo's trade is slaying; but the world has never respected bravos more than merchants. *The reason it honours the soldier is because he holds his life at the service of the State.*

Our friend thinks these words might well take the place of the inscription which boasts of killing thousands, and we think so too. Will the Office of Works please note?

Remembrance

FAR off in Flanders lie
Tranquil and still
Beneath the sky

Our saviours. Their grey hill
Has been for us a second Calvary
And life poured out that life
might fuller be.

So for the proud young dead
Each head is bent.

The Earth is hallowed.

From Flanders they have sent
No spoken word. Only the
poppies blow
Passionate and warm. They know.

THE world is rich again,
And chivalry

Is born of pain

Once more on Calvary.

So every soul is still, each head
low bent.

Afar the dead sleep on. They are
content.

FLORA SANDSTRÖM

The Spirit that Makes the World Wonderful

A BEAUTIFUL story has just been told in a new book.

A generation ago the treatment of horses and donkeys was a scandal in Naples, but, though many were shocked by it, nobody did anything till a young Englishman named Hawksley gave up a life of luxury in England to free Naples from this evil.

He first prosecuted cruel cab-drivers, but that was a most dangerous thing to do in that city of secret societies. He was set upon in a back street, stabbed in thirty places, and left for dead. Fortunately for him, he fell on a tram-line, or nobody would have picked him up before he bled to death. But he was taken to a hospital where his life was just saved.

With splendid forbearance he gave no information against his assailants, and so much touched were the Neapolitans by this act that they became his allies and helpers, and the better treatment of animals in Italy dates from that day.

The Only Thing to be Said

THE earliest pipe of half-awakened bird, wrote Tennyson; and then, one day, he mentioned to Sir William Harcourt that he always smoked a pipe in the garden before breakfast. There was only one thing to be said, and Sir William said it: *Ah, yes, the earliest pipe of half-awakened bard.*

Tip-Cat

THERE is no kinship, it is said, between the business man and the poet. Yet Shakespeare's father was a butcher.

WE are told that gold is in everything everywhere. What a pity it does not come out.

BICYCLES are used largely in Denmark. Here we prefer the small ones.

THE energy in an ounce of sugar is enough to produce one of Shakespeare's plays. So perhaps Bacon did not write them after all.

WHY do Government departments so often let one down? It is so much easier than taking one up.

FILM stars complain that they are considered brainless. In short, merely ornamental.

WE are wasting millions on education, says an M.P. Even our last expensive war does not seem to have taught us much.

WE are asked to judge the Bolsheviks by their fruits. It is significant that they haven't got any plums.

THERE are two million bricks in the Isle of Wight, and no sale for them. If only cricketers would use brickbats!

AS letters can now be posted later will the B.B.C. wire less?

ACCORDING to a contemporary, nobody thinks pheasant shooting is a serious business. Except the pheasant.

A Great Man to Young Men

Young men, whatever career you may take up, do not let yourselves be influenced by disparaging and sterile scepticism. Do not let yourselves be discouraged by those moments of sadness that pass over a nation in bad times. First of all, ask yourselves: *What have I done to educate myself?* Then, as time goes on: *What have I done for my country?* The day may come when, perhaps, you may have the great happiness of making some contribution towards the progress and wellbeing of humanity. But, whether chance favours your efforts more or less, you must, when you reach the end of your journey, have a right to say: *I have done what I could.*

PASTEUR

The Fourth Passer-By

This is how a Japanese boy told the story of the Good Samaritan at a Y.M.C.A. conference of boys from 19 countries, held in Switzerland the other day:

A MAN walked across a field and fell into a deep well. Soon after another man, keen-faced and deep in thought, passed nigh. The drowning man cried for help, and the answer came: "You should have known these obstacles and dangers. It is your own fault that ill befalls you." The man passed by. He was Socrates.

Another man, wise-looking and thoughtful, passed by. Again the drowning man cried for help. The answer came: "You should have known these obstacles and dangers. It is your own fault that ill befalls you. I am sorry." The man passed by. He was Confucius.

A third man passed by, benign and benevolent of countenance. Again the cry from the drowning man came, for he was in dire peril. And again the answer came: "You should have known; it is your own fault. I am sorry." But he did not pass by; he sat down near the well in sympathy. He was Buddha.

A fourth man passed, gentle of appearance and of a heavenly mien. Almost dead by now, the drowning man cried out, and the Stranger, running to him, helped him out of the well. Taking off His own clothes He gave them to the man and put on his wet ones. He was Jesus.

Suggestions Both Ways

TWO suggestions have been lately made concerning our mother tongue. Sir Oliver Lodge has been asking the botanists to be more simple, and we have found these few lines in one of their explanatory notices which suggest that he is not unreasonable:

A critical examination of fossil Equisetalean foliage of the incrustation-type and a comparison with that of *Equisetum* reveal interesting similarities and differences. The presence of hydathodes in *Annularia spenophylloides*, the xeromorphic structure of *A. radiata*, and the melasmatic tissue in the lamina of *A. dubia* are some of the features of interest. The peculiarities of some Pteridosperm foliage are also worthy of attention.

On the other hand a learned scholar has been suggesting that space might be saved in books and papers by using contractions. He suggests that we should leave out *ou* in such words as should and your, *en* in such words as statement, *ea* in such words as great, and so on; and that we should use the Greek sign for *the*. We have tried it with a few lines of Shakespeare and this is how it looks:

All *o* world's a stage & all *o* men and women
merely players;
oy hv *oir* exits & *oir* entrances,
& one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts bng seven ages. At first *o* infant,
Mewlg & pukg in the nurse's arms.
& *oen* *o* whing schoolboy wio his satchel,
& shing mornng face, creepg like snail
Unwillingly to school.

We like the idea of Sir Oliver Lodge best. Simpler botany certainly, but why a more difficult Shakespeare?

Where justice reigns it is useless to be armed.

AMYOT

THE NEW PEACE OF LOCARNO

WHAT THE NATIONS HAVE AGREED

"Disputes of Every Nature"
to be Settled Round a Table

STRENGTHENING THE COVENANT OF THE LEAGUE

The five Treaties agreed on at Locarno have been published in one volume, and in a sort of preface, which they call a Protocol, the statesmen who took part declare their belief that these Treaties will help greatly to lessen the tension between nations, will solve many problems that now keep them apart, and, in strengthening peace and security in Europe, will hasten disarmament.

What is it exactly that the Treaties do that is going to bring all this about?

To begin with, Germany has made Arbitration Treaties with France, Belgium, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia, in which both sides agree to submit "disputes of every nature" to arbitration or conciliation. In each Treaty arrangements are made for setting up a special permanent arbitration court, but by agreement disputes may go to the Permanent Court at The Hague, and appeal may be made to the Council of the League.

The Guaranteed Frontiers

Besides these four Treaties of Arbitration there is a Treaty of Mutual Guarantee signed by Germany, France, Belgium, Britain, and Italy, in which it is agreed to guarantee the frontiers between Germany and Belgium and Germany and France as fixed by the Treaty of Versailles, and also the clauses in that Treaty which provide that Germany shall not have troops in the neutral zone in the Rhineland, so keeping the German and French armies apart.

Germany and France, and Germany and Belgium, agree that "they will in no case attack or invade each other or resort to war against each other." War may only be made in self-defence against actual attack; or when the League has ordered resistance to an aggressor by all the League Members; or, in the case of France, if Germany has massed troops in the Rhineland area.

Powers of the League Council

It is because the countries on each side of the frontier have promised to submit all disputes to arbitration or conciliation that Britain and Italy have promised to help in keeping the frontier, but they only come in when one side, disregarding its obligations, crosses the frontier or enters the neutral zone.

If there is time they must call in the League Council and await its decision before going to war, but it is provided that if the aggression is so serious as to make immediate action necessary the guarantors may act without waiting for the League. If they do this, however, and the League afterwards decides that they are wrong, they must stop at once and do what the League tells them.

France's Plea for "Security"

But France has also made Treaties with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia by which they are to go to each other's aid if Germany attacks them, in some cases without waiting for the authority of the League. This acting without the League, even temporarily, is thought by many people to be exceedingly dangerous, but it is what France has been pressing for all along in her search for "security." Happily, however, the representatives of the other countries have managed to put in so much machinery for preventing things from ever coming to the point of an invasion that we may hope these clauses will never come into effect.

One other important provision must be mentioned. If at any time it is agreed that the League itself can deal with the situation the Pact automatically comes to an end.

WHAT THEY CANNOT MAKE US DO

HOLYHEAD is a fine name, commemorating a place of ancient holiness, and good enough to satisfy anyone except a member of the Holyhead Urban District Council.

But that fervent body of Welshmen, inflamed with a patriotic love for the language and legends of Wales, have passed a resolution to alter the name to Caergybi, after a shadowy Saint who is said to have lived in those parts and to have held his own with a Welsh chieftain.

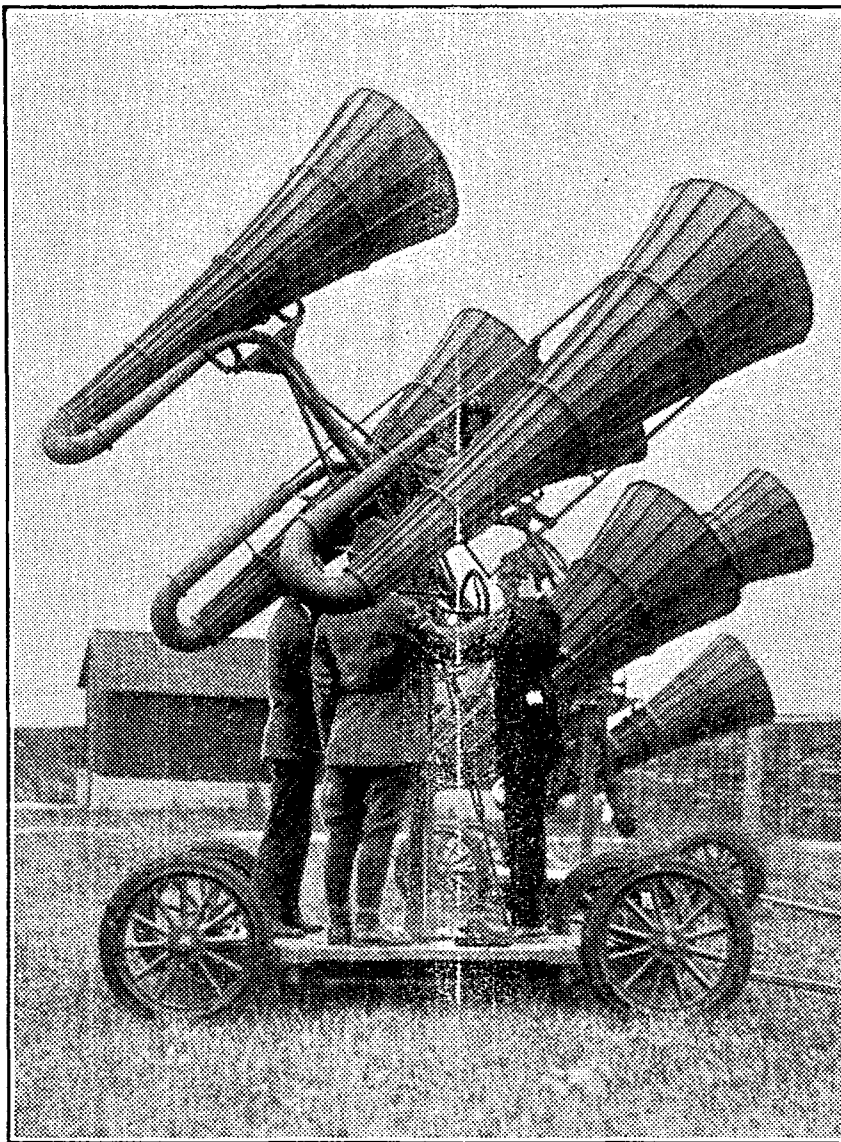
The blood of the Welsh chieftain may perhaps flow in the veins of the District Councillors, but they will require all his determination to make English travellers pronounce that name of awe, *Caergybi*. When the traveller takes his ticket at Euston for Caergybi he will ask for Holyhead, and that is how the L.M.S. will spell it. There are some things no

District Council can do, and one of them is to make an Englishman say Caergybi when he wants Holyhead.

Why should anyone desire these absurd changes of names? There is a lovely village in Kent which everyone called Lye and those who could spell spelt as Leigh. Now they are spelling it Lyghe, an ugly word which no reasonable person could pronounce so as to make himself understood. We have never understood this absurdity.

When, some twenty years ago, some inhabitants of Slough wanted to change that pleasant descriptive old name to the suburban sounding name of Borough Royal they were not allowed to do so, and it was good that they should be defeated. There is less reason for changing old names than for changing old places. Who wants to talk of Leningrad?

LISTENING-IN FOR THE AEROPLANES



This wonderful-looking instrument is used in the United States for detecting the approach of aeroplanes. The various horns gather up the sound waves of a distant propeller, which are quite inaudible to the unaided ear, and concentrate them so that they become distinct.

50,000 YEARS AGO IN GALILEE

SIR ARTHUR KEITH has been talking about the Galilee skull, found in a cave in Palestine by Mr. Turville-Petre, as explained in the C.N. some time ago.

He thinks it at least 20,000 years old, and remarked that it showed signs of an operation such as is practised today among the primitive races of the South Sea Islands.

After hearing Dr. Keith's opinion on the skull Professor Boyd Dawkins made the interesting suggestion that the skull represents a half-way between the apes and man as we know him. Though the owner of the skull belonged to the human race, he thought there was as much difference between man then and now as between the mammoth and the elephant.

The age of the skull is determined by the flint implements surrounding it as it lay in its bed in the cave, and

these were of the same nature as certain implements found at High Lodge, near Mildenhall, in Suffolk. There the bed in which the flints were found was at the top of a high hill, covered by clay laid down by the last ice-sheet which invaded East Anglia.

This is strong evidence of the antiquity of the implements. But when it is realised that since this bed was laid down the whole of the area of the Fens, over 10,000 square miles, has been formed this antiquity becomes a certainty.

The Galilee skull is as old, if not slightly older, than these implements of High Lodge, and it is very difficult to believe that only 40,000 years have elapsed since the owner of the skull lived. Looking at the question from every standpoint, it seems reasonable to suppose that this man existed at least fifty or sixty thousand years ago.

JUMPING FROM THE SKY

UPSIDE DOWN IN MID-AIR
Extraordinary Photograph of a
Flying Man

WHAT HAPPENS

We give on another page this week a wonderful photograph of an American airman leaping with his parachute into mid-air, to drop 2000 feet.

His parachute is practically horizontal and at the full stretch of its cords in the air, looking like a drag-net in the sea. The airman at the moment is virtually upside down, and many people have imagined that he must be crushed to death. He is quite close to the tail of the aeroplane, while the parachute, upon which his life depends, is as far away as the tackle will permit. The cause of this astonishing tableau has been mis-described in some of the papers, so as to suggest that the airman is being snatched backwards by the effect of the aeroplane's motion on the air.

A Plunge Into the Void

But that is not the cause of the upset. At the moment of his leap the parachutist's body is travelling forward at the same rate as the machine. He makes his plunge into the void when speeding forward in a straight line at 100 or 150 miles an hour.

The parachute has the same velocity at the moment of launching, but its momentum is instantly checked and its forward movement is arrested by the resistance of the air. The man's body possesses greater mass, but a smaller area of resistance, so the air cannot have the same arresting force upon him.

The Pull of the Parachute

He is not pulled forward materially by the "drag of the aeroplane" he has quitted. His body instantly begins to fall, but not straight down. He descends along a path something like a curved inclined plane, known as a trajectory, proceeding forward as well as downwards as long as the momentum of the plane, of which he had formed part, remains unexhausted. When that energy is gone, he drops straight, like a stone.

But the parachute is designed to prevent such a fall, and it is because the parachute instantly applies its braking action as he leaps into the air that the man is momentarily turned over.

Force stored in his body tends to make him travel forward and downward, but the parachute at once checks that tendency and pulls him up short and out of the vertical. In a moment the stored force which is propelling him forward will be dissipated; he will begin to drop straight down, will impose his weight on the parachute, cause it to assume an upright position, to open its wide silken balloon-like folds to the air, and so descend as gently as a feather to the ground.

How a Bomb Falls

It is the parachute which exercises the pull on the man in the air, not the speeding aeroplane which he has quitted. It is this law of momentum which renders a bombing machine in motion unable to drop its explosive on an object immediately beneath it. A bomb touches ground hundreds of yards beyond the point over which it was released by a swift aeroplane. Only a stationary machine can drop a projectile straight down on a given spot.

It is not the backward snatch of the aeroplane, therefore, which causes the parachutist his momentary terror, but the braking effect of his drag-net of the air.

Picture on page 12

A TOWN AND ITS TREASURES

WONDERFUL IVORY AND LACE AT DIEPPE

New Use for a Norman Château GREAT SONS OF AN HISTORIC SEAPORT

By a Travelling Correspondent

Dieppe is doing a fine thing, getting together a museum of ancient treasures. No town that has a great past ought to forget it. It is the past which gives such a delightful background to Europe and which people of the new world miss so sorely.

We think of Dieppe as a place of gaiety in the summer months, and forget that she did not always look to harbour commerce and the profits of a watering-place for her wealth.

Beautiful Craftsmanship

In the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries Dieppe was the home of a most beautiful craft, ivory carving. This was the men's work. Like many Normandy towns, she also produced lovely hand-made lace. That was the women's work.

Dieppe is now amassing this wonderful work in the old Chateau which rears its dignified head above the frivolities of the beach.

The Dieppe men showed something of genius in their craftsmanship. The ivories of the earlier generation are simply carved: quiet angels, tranquil men and women, little boxes. Then the craft, handed down from father to son, becomes richer and bolder. The simplicity goes and the carvers seem to have vied with each other in making ivory look like lace.

The fans of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have the effect of exquisite fineness that only ivory can give. There are needle-boxes which would make any woman fond of her work-basket envious. There are little sundials that close like travelling clocks.

Early Maps of the World

Dieppe does not forget her great sons, either. There was Admiral Duquesne, who fought de Ruyter in 1676. He stands in the square in all the delightful splendour of the French cavalier. There was Saint-Saëns, the musician, a native of Dieppe, to whom a room is given in the castle. Best of all, there was Pierre Desceliers, who painted maps of a world that was only just beginning to be discovered.

A huge map hangs on the wall of the Desceliers room, painted for Henri II of France in 1546. It is the most delightful map imaginable, made as a child would make it. The countries south of the Equator are shown with trees and animals standing on their heads—to show us, one supposes, that that was the other side of the world.

The Old Castle

There could be no better home for these treasures than this old Castle, with enormous walls like the Tower of London. It was built about 1433, and since has suffered many changes. All sorts of fabrics lie, layer upon layer, above the ancient original walls. Slates and tiles mix in the roof. Now there is an attempt at a superimposed Gothic façade for a few yards, then a jangled corner that might be an old cottage in Sussex. Looking down from the ramparts, it seems that Dieppe and the sea and the cliffs are spread out before one like a carpet.

LISTENING TO THE BAND

A LUCKY DAY AT WESTMINSTER

The Conductor Who Made it all Plain CONCERTS FOR CHILDREN

By a Little Child in Music

The Enlightening Conductor—that is what I feel sure you would want to call him. You know how it is when you go to a concert. Generally the conductor beats time, but never tells you what the music is about. But Dr. Malcolm Sargent seems to guess all the things you want to know.

For instance, when looking at a big band I have often wondered what the big drum sounded like all by itself, and what those queer-looking instruments with silver things like buttons on them were for, and why there were big fiddles and little ones.

How it Happened

It was by a stroke of luck that I found myself at the orchestral concert for children at Westminster Central Hall. This is how it happened. I was putting my watch right by Big Ben when a little boy rushed past me, dragging his mother along, and I heard him say, "Couldn't you run now, Mummy? I'm sure we'll be left outside." Then I noticed lots of other children rushing in the same direction, and to satisfy my curiosity I followed them and was just in time to get a seat at the jolliest concert I have ever heard.

Before the band started to play Dr. Sargent introduced each instrument and made it stand up and bow; then he made each one play a tune by itself. The very big fiddle (the double bass) though it looks big and powerful, cannot play many high notes at all—it makes a silly squawking sound when it tries to; and the smallest fiddle can play all the high notes but can't make one of the very deep sounds.

A Beethoven Symphony

The first piece was jolly, sounding like somebody singing. "Oh! what a game, what a game." After that came a Symphony. I have so often wondered what symphonies are, and why they are always divided into four parts; as a matter of fact, when I heard one for the first time I thought it was time to go when the Symphony had come to an end, for it came first and there were only three other pieces on the programme. How could I, a very little girl, tell that symphonies had four parts, like four chapters in a story.

Well, this particular one was by Beethoven. You should have heard the way the last part of it began! For all the world it was like somebody trying four times to run upstairs; it did make you laugh.

The Next Concert

Just before the last piece, lo and behold! three men I had never seen before walked into their places in the band, carrying those long brass things that look like huge safety-pins with a horn at the end. Fortunately nobody asked me what they were called (I was so afraid the little boy sitting next to me would, but he was beating time and thoroughly enjoying himself).

When the music came to an end you should have heard the clapping! Two thousand pairs of hands can make a splendid ringing applause. Lots of the children refused to go home before they had been allowed to walk on to the platform and look at the instruments. Nearly all of them had a whack at the drum, of course. I must say that I was very sorry when the music was over, but I heaved a sigh of satisfaction and buttoned up my coat; and began to long for the next concert on November 21. I shall get there early to get a front seat, and not stand fiddling with my watch or looking at Big Ben.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A young fox and the dog that caught it eat from the same dish at Plymouth.

A gold wedding ring was placed in a hospital gift box in West London.

The Negroes of America have been holding their first labour congress.

Sheffield Policewomen

Sheffield Watch Committee has decided to appoint policewomen.

Night Baking

A Government bill has just been introduced to abolish baking at night in Australia.

The Lowest Wages

Norfolk pays the lowest farm wages in England: 29s. a week in summer and 28s. in winter.

Found in a Van

Thirty sovereigns in bags have been found in a furniture removal van and no one has claimed them.

A Crab's Long Walk

Marked and liberated in Start Bay, a crab has been caught off Land's End, 60 miles from its starting-point.

A Million Seals

A ship in St. John's Harbour, Newfoundland, has brought in a million seals since it began its work.

135 Miles an Hour

An American at a motor-cycle meeting near Paris has created a new record by covering a mile in 26 seconds.

Record Year for Housing

It is expected that nearly 200,000 houses will be built in Britain this year, which will be easily a record.

The Prince and the Priest

The Prince of Wales received his Easter Communion on the Gold Coast from the hands of a native African priest.

Edison Honoured

A bronze tablet in honour of Mr. Edison has been unveiled near where he made his first invention in New Jersey.

A Cow's Love of Home

A cow bought by a Berkshire farmer was missing the next day, and was found back at its old home, 12 miles away.

Wireless S.O.S. for Climbers

Wireless has been installed at a height of 14,900 feet on Monte Rosa to summon aid in case of accidents to climbers.

Half a Century at One School

Mr. H. A. Liddell, of the Wesleyan Central Boys' School, Oxford, is retiring after having taught there for more than fifty years.

Why the Juror was Late

When a juror arrived late at the Old Bailey not long ago the Recorder said: "Knowing what London traffic is, I will not fine you."

Policemen in White

Police on point duty in Birmingham wear white helmets and white coats to enable motor drivers and others to see them in the dark.

A Mouse Against All England

A mouse stopped the Daventry wireless not very long ago, holding up the transmission apparatus for twelve minutes. Its body had prevented oscillation.

The Turn of a Plough

While ploughing on his New Jersey farm an American farmer turned up a pot full of coins dating from before the War of Independence.

Submarine Treasure Hunt

A French company is to attempt to salvage over a million pounds' worth of bullion from the liner Egypt, which went down off Ushant in 1922.

John Wesley's First Sermon

Two hundred years ago John Wesley preached his first sermon in the little Oxfordshire village of Southleigh, and the second centenary has just been celebrated in the village church.

America Wins the Schneider Cup

The Schneider Cup Race, the blue riband of the air, has been won by Lieutenant James Doolittle, the American airman, flying a Curtiss biplane at 232½ miles an hour. Captain Broad, the only British airman competing, was second in a Gloster-Napier III, with an average speed of 196 miles an hour.

BLAMING AMERICA FOR OUR FAULTS

What Has Happened to Warwick Priory

OUR COUSINS SAVE US FROM OURSELVES

There has been a great deal of severe comment over the sale of the famous Warwick Priory, which has been bought by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Weddell, two cultured Americans from Virginia, and is to be more or less reconstructed at their home in Virginia.

It was said to be scandalous that Americans should come here and take back to the United States, boldly and bodily, such a magnificent example of the stately homes of old England. Some of the comments, with greater fairness and wisdom, apportioned most of the blame to our own lack of public spirit here at home, where it might have been expected that a purchaser would be found to buy the place for the nation.

Now Mr. Weddell has explained the situation, and what he has said leaves him and his wife blameless, but ourselves very much to blame. It appears that the work of stripping the ancient place had begun before the Weddells ever came to England or heard about it; stairs, flooring, panelling, iron-work, guttering, and roof, all were gone, and the empty shell was advertised to be sold not long ago.

A True Briton

It was then that Mr. and Mrs. Weddell stepped in, and as no one in England would save Warwick Priory from being broken up they decided to take the brick and stone, which had been a part of English history for so many centuries, away to a place where English history is venerated, and to build from them a home for the Virginian Historical Society. Virginia was the first English settlement in America, and Virginians have always prided themselves on their English descent and traditions.

"It seems to me," says Mr. Weddell, "that between the use of this material for a factory in Warwickshire and its use to form the walls of a public institution in Virginia the true Briton could make but one choice."

We agree with Mr. Weddell, and we think him a truer Briton than those who would not make an effort to preserve and protect their glorious heritage.

WHY THE SCOUTS WERE LATE

A Tale of a Camp

An East End London troop of Boy Scouts, camping in Essex, were late for church, and an observer of the reason why is afraid they might be thought slack and be blamed for not acting up to their motto Be Prepared. So he sends us an account of what really happened, and a very charming account it is. This is what he says.

The bugle sounded for Church Parade at an hour allowing ample time for inspection, tuning up by the band, and the march to church. Time had been allowed for a pause outside the house of the farmer in whose field the camp was pitched.

On reaching the farm they formed up and played Abide With Me, and then the Scoutmaster turned and saluted the farmer's large family, who had assembled to listen. But one member of the family, the mother, was not outside. She was only just able to raise herself in bed and wave her thanks to the bare-kneed and brown-necked lads.

The Scoutmaster saw her and, like a Scout, he understood. Turning, he raised his cornet, and very tunelessly they played two other hymns. Then they went on to church, the sharp note of the kettledrum dying away slowly in the distance.

The Scouts were late, but they had left a feeling of brightness behind them.

TALE OF A FIDDLE A SURPRISE FOR A SHOPMAN

How a Great Fiddler Got a
"Strad" for Nothing

AN EDINBURGH MEMORY

A friend of the C.N. who was much interested in our story of the sale of the Stradivarius violin in Paris has sent us this delightful tale.

Once the famous violinist Niel Gow went to Edinburgh to play at a concert, and it occurred to him that he might look round and see if there was a fiddle worth buying. He wandered through the streets of the beautiful old city, and at length stopped at an excellent music shop.

Niel walked in and asked for violins. The assistant brought out his best collection, and was rather annoyed when the stranger, calmly trying one after the other, said they would not do.

"I have shown you the finest in the shop," said he, "and they are really very good. I am afraid I cannot do anything more for you."

Not for Sale

At that moment the proprietor of the shop appeared and the assistant explained matters to him.

The shopman glanced curiously at the customer who was so hard to please, and, after a minute's thought, said: "Will you just wait a minute, and I will show you a violin."

He disappeared and came back with an instrument, which he handed to Niel Gow. "Try that," said he.

Niel tried it. "This will do," said he. "How much?"

"I am sorry," said the proprietor, "but it isn't for sale." Then, a pleasant fancy striking him, he said: "I'll tell you what. We will strike a bargain. If you can play to me on that violin The Ewie with the Crooked Horn and all its variations, and then The Punch Bowl, you can take it for nothing."

A Proper Judge Sent For

The shopman was enjoying himself. He knew that he had suggested an intricate rendering that very few could achieve, and he thought that very soon the stranger would be out of the shop and the violin back in its place.

"All right," said Niel, and took up the violin.

"Wait a minute," put in the other; "we will have a proper judge. The organist of St. Giles's lives a few doors away. I'll get him in to decide whether you can play the thing or not."

Niel made no reply. He was stroking and turning over the violin that pleased him so. Out went the shop assistant, running to the organist's house, and a few minutes later he came back with him. The organist glanced at Niel Gow, heard the story, said nothing, and sat down to listen.

A Happy Ending

Had anyone been passing then a most beautiful piece of execution would have been heard. Niel played the air and variations not only perfectly, but in a masterly fashion that took the shopman's breath away.

"This is an exceptional young man," said he to the organist.

"It is," was the smiling reply. "It is Niel Gow."

A pleasant five minutes followed. Niel offered to pay for the violin, but the proprietor, a thorough sportsman, insisted on keeping to his bargain. Niel was presented with the Stradivarius, and was never tired of telling people the price he paid for it. The master of the music shop could not be altogether sorry he had lost his Strad, for the manner of losing it had thoroughly pleased him.

THE SLEEPER IN THE GREAT CATHEDRAL

A Bellringer and His Dog

One of our friends sends us a note from Chartres, enraptured by a day in its vast cathedral. But another friend has been to this great place by night, and this is a note she sends.

I have seen the windows of Chartres Cathedral by moonlight. At ten o'clock the bellringer was awaiting us at the cathedral steps. We entered in utter darkness, for even the light of a candle would have broken the enchantment.

Five minutes, ten minutes, of mystery, and we began vaguely to distinguish the milky surface of the glass bathed in the Moon's tender light.

The bellringer advised us to pay a visit to the upper outside gallery to see the effects of light and shade on the buttresses of the apse. This good bellringer, Mr. Bathais, is passionately devoted to his cathedral and is a most interesting man. He has even slept in the building for the last 19 years, in a little room fitted up for him in the wall of the choir. He has a dog as a guard.

A Wonderful Experience

From the gallery the outlook is marvellous. Verily the talent of those old master-builders was prodigious, and what a lesson of humility for us all! We talk of centuries long ago, and live for a little while the life of those admirable architects of times gone by.

We go slowly down the stone steps and are again plunged into darkness, but this time it is easier for us to find our way, for our eyes are now accustomed to the dim, mysterious light, and we must go quickly so as not to lose our first impressions. So we take leave of our admirable guide after promising to come again.

Good-night, madam. Good-night, sir. What a wonderful experience!

WHAT AN EARTHQUAKE DID

Making the Waters Flow

Santa Barbara's earthquake, which wreaked such destruction on the Californian coast, has been followed months afterwards by what was an unexpected compensation.

The flow from the subterranean springs has been greatly increased. Santa Barbara has long been known for its hot springs which, impregnated with sulphur and other soluble minerals, have been visited for their medicinal value. The earthquake, by still further dislocating the rocky strata through which the springs flow and from which they arise, has so much increased the volume of the waters that they are to be used for irrigating the crops instead of for the human body. This feat of an earthquake, though unusual, is by no means unknown. Earthquakes even in Japan have improved the land of the locality where they have been most violent, and a Japanese seismologist has observed that, in the past, earthquakes big and little, violent or slight, have been instrumental in laying bare the mineral treasures of the rocks, or in making these treasures accessible.

A C.N. JOURNEY

Three Countries in a Week

A little reader at school by the Seine sends us this note telling us how her C.N. visits three countries each week.

First of all a copy is sent to my home in England every Friday. When the family has read it my sister takes it to the convent school, and on Monday night it is posted to me in France; it is a little bit of home to me, and I read it thoroughly. I have a lonely little friend in a convent in Spain, and every Friday morning my C.N. arrives for her, and its journey ends with a little Spanish friend who is too young to understand the words, but not too young to love the pictures.

LIKE A LITTLE ROME A CURIOUS IDEA ABOUT NORWICH

The Walls That Knew the
Romans and the Normans
SAVED FROM THE SPOILER

Norwich Castle still stands where it did, a citadel of ancient and commanding aspect best seen from the encircling moat, and, thanks to the protests in which the C.N. had a modest share, the view of it will probably not be spoiled by the erection of a new police-station.

As the castle overlooks the valleys of the Yare and Wensum, so it looked in Norman days, and if Mr. Percy Nash, the Norwich surveyor, is right, so some of its walls may have looked across the flat lands to Caister and Burgh Castle in the days of the Romans.

How Norwich was Laid Out

It is more than likely that the castle the Normans raised to overawe this part of East Anglia was built on a Roman foundation. It may have been constructed on a still earlier military site, for the Romans were quick to spy commanding points in order to make use of them for their garrisons, and many medieval fortresses and walled towns in Old Gaul as well as Britain reveal the flat Roman bricks at their base.

But Mr. Nash's suppositions are based on something besides bricks; they are based on the exact measurements of the city, both within and without its walls. He believes that an examination of these boundaries shows that Norwich was laid out on a plan of great exactitude by some Roman surveyor in the first century, and that this Roman surveyor saw in the site and its surroundings the possibility of making the city a replica of his own native Rome.

Some Odd Resemblances

The city is a Roman square mile in area; and if an ancient map of Norwich were compared with one of old Rome several resemblances would be at once made out: Norwich, like Rome, is 18 miles from the sea, and both cities are placed in two loops of the S-shaped windings of their respective rivers, the Yare and the Tiber.

Norwich Castle is in the same relative position to the walls as the Pantheon at Rome, and the same relative distance from the Cow Tower loop of the Yare as the Pantheon is from the similar loop of the Tiber. At the junction of the two river loops of the Tiber were two islands with Cestius Bridge passing to one island; and in just the same position on the Norwich river were formerly two islands with Coslany Bridge passing over one. There are other odd resemblances, and, though they may perhaps be no more than coincidences, the idea that they were actually contrived by some old Roman far from his native land is a very happy one.

THE COW AND THE SUMMER TIME TRAIN

By Mr. Winston Churchill

Right in front of the Summer Time train stood the British cow. Our train has passed on its journey, and according to the latest intelligence the British cow is still doing well. But nothing but the cataclysm of the Great War, the breaking down of prejudices, and the pooling of national effort would have been sufficient to carry Summer Time in this generation.

Amid all the evils the war has left behind Summer Time may fairly take its place among the more enduring features of the victory. We have been in the position of the prisoner in the Spanish dungeon. He remained for years in his dark cell, wondering how he would escape. One day he pushed at the door. The door was open, and he walked out.

VISITORS FROM SPACE

THE RUSHING LEONID
METEORS

Earth Bombarded with 20
Million Missiles a Day

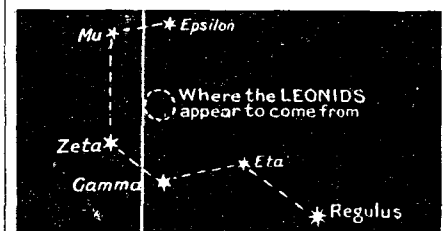
FRAGMENTS OF BROKEN COMETS

By the C.N. Astronomer

Some of the famous Leonid Meteors are expected to flash across our eastern sky at the end of next week, the most probable night being that of Saturday November 14 and the early morning of November 15.

The chance of seeing many meteors before midnight is small, because the point in the constellation of Leo from which they appear to come is too low down in the east to enable them to be seen. But when the stars forming the well-known Sickle of Leo, as shown in the star-map, are seen the meteors should be within the range of visibility.

The Leonids are a very swift type of meteor, travelling with a speed approaching 40 miles a second. They thus



The Sickle of Leo above the eastern horizon, where the meteors appear to radiate from.

reach a very intense bluish-white heat and usually leave a train of incandescent gas for a few seconds.

They usually travel about fifty miles, more or less, before being consumed, and as each meteor vanishes from view we know that our world has become a trifle heavier than it was before.

Occasionally a large piece (the hard residue that has failed to get burned up) reaches the ground, ploughs a hole, and is subsequently found. It is usually composed chiefly of iron and nickel, with magnesium, sodium, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, helium, and other elements.

All this has come from distances in space extending to thousands of millions of miles, until it is ultimately acquired by our Earth and installed in some museum, or kept as a treasure from the sky in some private home.

Seven-Ton Stone falls on Greenland

Recently a meteoric body of exceptional dimensions and weighing seven tons was brought to Aberdeen from North Star Bay, Greenland, en route to Copenhagen. But this belongs to the category of Aerolites, or Uranoliths, and though it is from the skies is different, and probably has a different origin from the Meteors. The meteors are the residue and fragments of comets, the Leonid Meteors being portions of Tempel's Comet of 1866.

Were it not for our Earth's atmosphere meteors both small and large would be a very great menace to our existence. Professor Newton calculated, some years ago, that upward of 20 million meteors large enough to be visible to the eye enter the Earth's atmosphere every day. This is equivalent to 20 million missiles pouring down on mankind at a speed at least fifty times as fast as a rifle bullet; so but for the protective powers of our atmospheric envelope civilisation would have to eke out a precarious existence underground, and the fruits of the Earth, such as survived, be gathered under very anxious and trying circumstances.

So far, no one is known to have ever been killed by a meteoric body, nor does the Earth appear to have suffered perceptibly; but the Moon seems to have had a terrific battering.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the evening Jupiter and Venus south-west, Uranus south. In the morning Mars in the south-east.

BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through

By Gunby Hadath

What Has Happened Before

Feddon, a shy, nervous boy and a comparative newcomer at Eastborough school, gets into trouble by refusing to respond when called upon to speak at the Debating Society. Meanwhile Garry, an ambitious boy of fine character, learns from one of the masters, nicknamed The Maypole, that his father has lost his money and cannot afford to keep him at school.

While Snipple is writing the story of the debate in his famous diary the door opens and an excited crowd bursts in, dragging Feddon an unwilling prisoner.

"The Conclave," with Tadworth as leader, resent having Feddon in their dormitory. He refuses to ask to be removed, and is getting the worst of it, when Garry comes to the rescue.

CHAPTER 9

In Grubber

THEN Garry sprang forward. "No," he cried, "it's not Feddon's fault he was shoved in your dormitory. You've got to let him go. It isn't his fault!"

"But it's his fault if he doesn't ask the Matron to change him."

"He won't do that?"

"No, he won't," declared Lubbock.

"You made him the offer to swap instead of a bashing?"

"Not quite," said Nightingale languidly. "We offered to—er—reduce his sentence."

"I see. To let him off some of it if he went to the Matron?"

"Yes. We made him that offer."

"And he wouldn't take it?"

"He refused us point blank."

Garry's reception of this piece of news astonished him. They were expecting it to clinch their argument with him. But instead his eye kindled and he clapped Feddon's shoulder gaily.

"Good man!" he exclaimed. "Stout fellow! Don't you climb down to them!"

With which he picked up the chair and charged into The Conclave, making flail-like sweeps at their shins with his improvised weapon. His assault so took them aback that they had to give ground, for none of them was courting a crack on the shin.

They had threatened to throw him out. But the boot was on the other leg. If anyone was thrown out it wouldn't be Garry.

Then he called to Feddon to make his escape. Feddon stood where he was. But Garry, with his face to his foes, shouted over his shoulder commanding. And this time Feddon obeyed, and, when he had gone and the sound of his flying feet had died in the corridor, his rescuer suddenly tossed his strange weapon aside and, breathing hard, planked his back to the wall defiantly.

However, now that they were baulked of their prey, The Conclave showed no disposition to take up the challenge, not from any fear of tackling an awkward customer, but because they had really no wish to fall out with him. Garry was not the sort of man to fall out with.

So, reflecting that they could always get Feddon when they wanted him, they laughed at Garry, and told him that this time he'd scored, and proceeded into the open again in a body to watch the end of the Rigger match on Big Side.

For the School was playing the Vampires this Saturday afternoon, and thither Garry also betook himself, queuing up and down the touchline till he found Kendall, with whom, without a word of the scene in the day-room, he witnessed the School run out winners by six points to three—thanks to Mostyn, who bullocked across with a try as the whistle was about to shrill for No Side.

Remarked Kendall, as they came away from the ground, "Shall we see, Fuzzy Face, if Grubber stands where she did?" And this being

his stereotyped form of invitation, they were in the grub shop within a couple of ticks.

Here were stationed those worthies Gigshott and Button, cramming down the last sausage rolls on the counter, while Trustful Thomas, in shirt-sleeves as white as ever, watched them covertly to ensure that they kept correct tally. Trustful Thomas's Christian name was not really Thomas, and it is rather a puzzle how Trustful came to be clapped on; for never had lynx a more alert eye to detect how many cakes his customers nipped from his counter.

Across his broad waistcoat he wore a vast chain, wherein jangled several weird medals won long since at cycling; but the Lower School said that the chain was the solidest gold, and had been given to him by a Rajah in India whose valet he had been when he left the Army. So ran the story. Trustful Thomas never denied it. Though sometimes when he took down his tin of brass polish and fingered his chain, his eye twinkled rather suspiciously.

However, new kids were always whisked off to be shown that huge chain, in return for which they stood treat to their introducer. So that in the first few days of a new school year there was quite a run upon novices to this grave rite.

"I say, you what's-your name, have you seen Trustful Thomas's chain? You haven't? Come along then. It's frightfully fierce!"

"What sort of a chain?"

"A watch chain. A Rajah gave it him in the jungle. He saved the Rajah's life when a tiger was chewing him."

"Who? Chewing Thomas?"

"No, the Rajah, you ass! Buck up before the mob comes. I'll get him to show you it."

You chose for yourself the details of Thomas's heroism, some preferring a mad elephant to the tiger, and others a boa constrictor curled round the Rajah.

And one thing else. He was never perceived but in shirt sleeves, spotlessly clean. Whatever the weather, he had never been caught in a coat. There were some who swore that he had his suits made without coats, and that the tailor let him off with half price.

Button, chinking a handful of coppers together, addressed him now in a tone of singular firmness.

"Trustful," said he, "I've had seven sausage rolls and five éclairs."

"Mr. Button," Trustful Thomas replied in a firmer tone, "you'll excuse me, sir, but you've left out a bar of milk chocolate."

Always very precise with his Misters and Sirs was the Trustful One.

Button grinned.

"I'm frantically sorry," he chirped. "I say, Thomas, is there really milk in milk chocolate?"

"One moment," breathed Thomas, cocking his quick eye at Gigshott. "Your score, Mr. Gigshott, comes to elevenpence hap'ny—and with tuppence you owe me from yesterday—"

Gigshott cut him short.

"I say! Easy on!" he expostulated. "Blackwood Minimus is paying that, Thomas, because, you remember, I stood him a squint at your chain."

"Tick and me ain't on speaking terms," was the answer.

They paid up, and then Button repeated his question.

"I say, Trustful, is there really milk in milk chocolate?"

"There is, sir!" said Thomas, refilling the sausage-roll dish.

"Well then, Trustful, could you squeeze the milk out of it?"

"You might, sir," said Thomas; "I've never tried yet."

"Good!" piped Button, with a significant nod at his ally. "Trustful, would the tip be to boil it all up first?"

"Ay, and then drain the milk all out through a strainer," Thomas said, with a chuckle, just as Garry and Kendall marched in.

CHAPTER 10

Garry and Feddon

THE Conclave did not show any grudge against Garry, and he, for several days, scarcely ran across Feddon. Then, on Thursday afternoon, as they came out of tea, he heard his name called shyly and found Feddon beside him.

"I say, I've never thanked you," there came in a whisper. "You were awful decent to stick up for me as you did."

"Oh, that's all right," said Garry, in careless tones.

He was hastening off, for he wanted to see The Maypole to inquire if he had heard again from his father. Not that he expected to hear better news, but because he had had no answer to his letter home. But he felt his sleeve touched nervously, as though to stop him, and saw an expression on Feddon's face which was new to him. Did this hermit want to talk to someone at last?

Garry had just turned twelve when he had got into Eastborough. Feddon must have come about the same time. He remembered him as a new kid when he himself was one, but had scarcely had anything to do with him since. As the others had said of him on the night of the debate, Feddon had kept himself to himself with a sensitive shrinking which debarred him from making friends or responding at all to advances.

Garry didn't "know" Feddon. He and this solitary creature had been as apart as the Poles.

And now, when he felt that Feddon seemed longing to talk, Garry didn't bless him, for he wanted to catch The Maypole. Still, hang it all, the chap had no one to talk to.

"Care for a stroll round the Quad before lock-up?" said Garry.

The shy face lighted up. The shy voice breathed: "Do you mind?"

"Come on!" said Garry; and felt most suddenly tongue-tied.

But the tongue of his queer companion released itself as he stammered his thanks again, with diffident glances.

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" said Garry. "What matters much more is how those fellows have been treating you since."

"In the dorm, do you mean?"

"Yes, all round," said Garry.

"They've left me alone, thanks to you."

Garry shook his head.

"I've not mentioned it since," he said curtly. And, more curtly: "You can surely stand up for yourself, man?"

He could almost feel the sensitive creature beside him curl up, as a plant curls up at an icy breath. He heard: "I say, are you sure you don't mind being with me?"

Then Garry could have kicked himself for his curtness.

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"Tosh!" he mumbled. "I never—er—meant it that way." And mumbling this, he slipped one arm into Feddon's.

"I did stick up to them! I wouldn't go to the Matron!"

"Yes, rather; I know you did!" said Garry, most cordially.

"And I'm never going to speak to Tadworth again!"

"You'll find that a bit hard, won't you?" Garry said, smiling.

"I don't care," said Feddon, quivering in every limb. "I've vowed I'll never speak to the beast, and I won't!"

A silence fell. They had paced the gravel and back again, and Garry's thoughts were lingering round his errand.

"Well, you know best," he said, and halted irresolutely.

But Feddon, almost eager now, breathed: "Don't go in yet!"

"It's almost time for lock-up."

Feddon shot a glance at the clock upon the Old Library, whose weather-worn face never fails you from dawn to dusk.

"There's lots of time," he rejoined. "And there's something else that I want to tell you, Garry."

"And that?" asked Garry, adjusting his step again.

"You're the first fellow that's been decent to me for ages."

"But nobody harms you!"

"No, it isn't that," Feddon stammered shyly. "Only somehow I don't get on with the other people. I sort of can't—you know—keep my end up with them."

Garry didn't know what to answer. A confession of that sort from a person who'd been there three years was so totally strange. He knew it was true enough, but its intimacy took him aback.

"Perhaps," he muttered at last, "you don't make a hard enough shot, Feddon."

"At palling about with chaps? No, I don't. I hate Eastborough."

"Oh, that's all rot!" muttered Garry. "What's wrong with Eastborough?"

"I didn't say there was anything wrong with it. It's something wrong"—Feddon faltered again—"with me."

"And that's rot, too! You're as good as anyone else."

"No, I'm a fool!" said Feddon, in dreary tones. "Look what a fool I made of myself in that rotten debate!"

"No end of men have funk'd it for the first time. Why, that's just what debates are for—to get people over stage fright. It isn't funking, really; it's a kind of nervous attack," explained Garry.

His companion's face brightened.

"Then you don't despise me?" he jerked.

"Of course not," laughed Garry.

"But what does it matter what I think?"

Feddon paused and turned his head away quickly.

"You're different, somehow, from the others," he stammered. "I don't want you to think me a rotter, Garry. I don't care for anyone else. I hate the whole show!"

"That's rubbish!" said Garry again.

"No," declared Feddon, "it isn't. I mean every word." The relief of someone to talk to who wouldn't deride him was drawing him out of himself, and his words came more freely. "Garry," he went on, "I didn't want to come to Eastborough a bit, and this time next year I'll have left it for good."

"But next year you'll get your remove to Big School!"

"Yes," said Feddon joyfully; "then I can leave!"

Garry turned his head with an incredulous stare.

"You fog me altogether," he said, with a pang.

For what would he not give to be staying next year? And here was a fellow who only looked forward to leaving!

Feddon noticed his silence. "Am I boring you?" he said wistfully.

"No; I can't understand you, that's all," returned Garry.

"Garry, may I tell you about things at home?"

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

Caught

TOM sat outside a tent and whistled disconsolately, for it seemed dull work staying behind to watch the camp equipment and preside over the pots and pans while the others were exploring the cliffs two or three miles away.

Tom considered himself a man of action, and he was certainly the best all-round athlete in the little company; in fact, the only thing he couldn't do was to sit still, and that was why cooking in a lonely field seemed dull on a sunny morning when one felt particularly jolly and well, and very keen on doing something with one's arms and legs.

But, as the scoutmaster had pointed out, everyone must take his turn, and it was now Tom's turn to see if he could distinguish himself as cook.

He had peeled a whole pailful of potatoes and found it not at all an amusing task; he had stirred the huge milk pudding which simmered slowly over the camp oven not once but many times; and between whiles he had practised his favourite pastime (a coiled rope lay at his feet); and now he glanced rather distastefully at a huge steak which lay on a dish, covered with muslin, just outside the tent, and wondered if he ought now to begin to fry it in time for dinner.

Then a man came out of the wood near, a dilapidated, dissipated-looking creature, plainly the sort of ne'er-do-well who always blamed ill-luck for his misfortunes.

He began to whine.

"Give me a morsel of food for pity's sake, lad. I'm starving, and haven't got a penny or a friend in the world."

"Can't you get any work? My pals and I have been up at the farm helping with the harvest because they're so short-handed."

"I can't work, lad." The man told such a piteous tale that Tom gave him bread and dripping and his own cake allowance; and while his visitor ate it—he showed little appetite for a starving man—he went once more to attend to his pudding.

As he stirred it briskly his quick ear heard a stealthy sound behind him, and he turned round in time to see the tramp making off as fast as he could with the steak and the dish, too!

Like a flash Tom's brain worked. If he followed the man would lead him a dance, and he was pledged not to leave the camp on any account.

With a quick gesture he stooped, and through the air flashed a coil of rope so gracefully thrown that it looked like a wreath of curling smoke.

There was a scream of terror, and the lassoed man was fairly caught.

Tom allowed him to go—with a caution—and when his friends came back and asked him how he liked cooking he answered, with a grin, "Best sport I've ever had!"



Let Us with Joyous Steps Now Go Our Ways



DI MERRYMAN

A DOCTOR had just examined a man who had consulted him for the first time.

"You are very much out of condition," he said to the new patient, "but a sea-voyage ought to put you right. Can you manage it?"

"Oh, yes," replied the man. "I'm captain of the *Mary Ann*, just arrived from Hong Kong."

A Geographical Letter

Here is another geographical letter, the words in italics indicating names in the atlas. Can you read it?

DEAR *Siberian* river,
I am starting a zoo. I have already an *island off South Australia*, fifteen *Spanish islands*, a bay in *Western Australia*, an *island south of Spitzbergen*, a *cape in Massachusetts*, a *big city in New York State*, and a *channel near Baffin Land*. It seems a very queer collection. Can you tell me how I can get a *firth in the Shetland Island of Yell*?

Yours, bay near *Vladivostok*.

Solution next week

Do You Live at Twickenham?

THE name was formerly spelt Twickenham, and probably means the home of Twica. Twica may be a person's name, or it may be from the old English *twicen*, meaning a place where two roads meet.

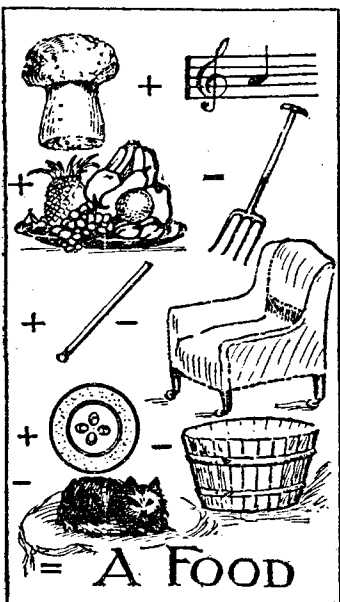
The Only Opportunity

AN old gentleman saw a little boy carrying an open umbrella in the street, and said to him:

"Why are you carrying that umbrella, my boy? It is not raining and the sun is not shining."

"Well," replied the boy, "when it is raining Father takes it to business with him, and when it is sunny Mother has it, so this is the only sort of weather when I can use it."

Alphabet and Arithmetic



When the letters of the words represented by these pictures have been added and subtracted the remaining letters will spell the name of a food. Can you find out what it is?

Solution next week

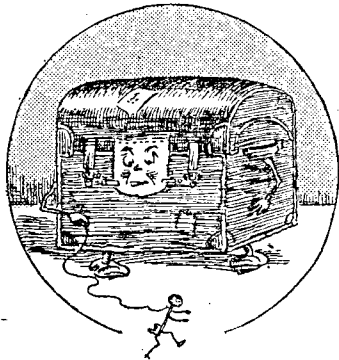
WHY is a fishmonger never generous?

Because his business makes him sell fish.

WHY is a postman in danger of losing his way?

Because he is guided by the directions of strangers.

Come-Alive Characters



"BECAUSE," explained the Touring Trunk,

"My key is apt to stray;
I tie him to a bit of string,
For that's the safest way.
Then when unpacking time arrives
He's there upon the spot,
All ready to release my lid—
But otherwise he's not!"

Why She Cried Again

LITTLE Nelly was weeping despairingly. She had lost a shilling her mother had given her.

"Don't cry any more," said someone. We can easily make up that loss; here is another shilling."

But scarcely had Nelly got it than she began to cry again.

"Whatever is the matter now?" she was asked.

"Well, you see, if I had not lost my first shilling I should have two now," she sobbed.

Life On the Ocean Wave

A YOUNG man while out in a yacht

Decided that he'd rather *nacht*

Continue the sail.
He looked very pale,
And didn't enjoy it a *lacht*.

A Puzzle in Rhyme

MY first is in rabble but not in crowd,
My second's in clamour but not in loud,
My third is in inkstand but not in pen,
My fourth is in poultry but not in hen,
My fifth is in question but not in tell,
My sixth is in stumble but not in fell,
My seventh's in hasty but not in quick,
My eighth is in stonework but not in brick,
My ninth is in hammer but not in nail,
My tenth is in paddle but not in sail,
My eleventh's in winner but not in lose,
My twelfth is in elk-deer but not in moose,
My thirteenth's in livery but not in bait,
My whole is an empire wide and great.

Solution next week

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Missing Letter Rhyme

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Changed Initials

Cap, nap, gap, sap, hap, map, lap,
pap, rap, tap.

Who Was He?

The Great Biographer was Boswell

Jacko Takes the Letters Round

MR. JACKO was very worried one morning. He was expecting an important letter, and it hadn't turned up.

He was really very angry, and at last Mrs. Jacko called Jacko and told him to run down to the post-office.

"There's a second post in about this time," she said, "and no doubt you will find a letter for your father."

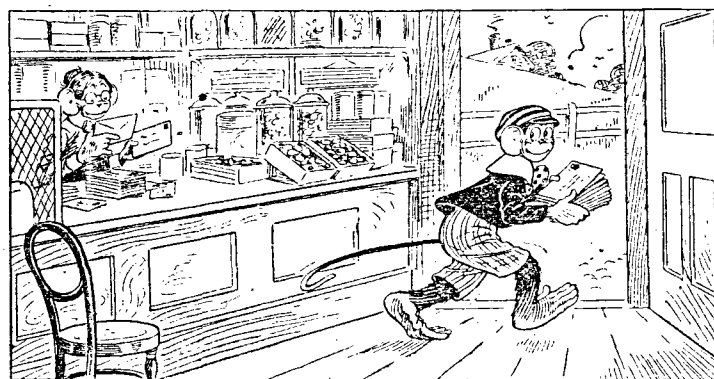
Jacko didn't waste any time. He always enjoyed a visit to the village post-office, for the old lady who kept it was a great friend of his. She sold sweets as well, and sometimes, when she was in an extra special good temper, she would tell Jacko to help himself.

"A letter for your dad?" she said pleasantly, when Jacko came running into the post-office. "Well, the post's just in and I'll have a look."

She put on her glasses, and began looking through a big pile of letters.

Of course, Jacko hovered near the sweets, hoping he would be offered one or two. But the old lady was too busy to notice him, and her daughter, who helped in the shop, wasn't at all encouraging.

"Half-a-crown a box," she said severely, when she saw Jacko gazing longingly at some chocolates.



Jacko crept out with the letters

At last the old lady finished looking through the letters. She said she couldn't find anything at all for Mr. Jacko, but that she would have a look among the registered letters. And while her back was turned Jacko had a brilliant idea.

"I'll take the letters round myself," he said, "and give the postman a holiday."

And he seized the bundle of letters which the old lady had left on the counter and crept out of the shop with them.

It was really great fun, as he knew most of the names on the envelopes, and soon got rid of half the letters. But at last he came to one he didn't know at all. It was addressed to Mr. Brown, The Laurels.

"That's easy! Laurels!" said Jacko. "I'll look for some!"

But nearly every house in Monkeyville seemed to have laurels in the front garden! Jacko had to give it up. He put the letter at the bottom of the pile, and said he would come back to it later.

But the next letter was even more difficult. It was addressed to The Cedars, and there wasn't a single cedar tree in the place!

And all the rest of the letters were just as difficult; in fact, Jacko soon came to the conclusion that the best thing to do was to pop them all into the nearest pillar-box and let the postman collect them.

But just then the postman came running along the road. And, instead of being grateful to Jacko for doing his round for him, he was simply furious. He snatched at the letters and put them in his bag.

"I'll see you pay for this!" he roared. And Jacko did!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

The Right Word at the Right Time

Dr. Doddridge, the hymn writer, was one day walking, much depressed, his very heart desolate within him. But, passing a cottage door, he happened at that moment to hear a child reading aloud the text, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

The cheering effect on his mind, he says, was indescribable. It was like life from the dead.

Much is often done by a word.

Le Mot Juste au Bon Moment

Le Docteur Doddridge, l'auteur de cantiques, se promenait un jour, très abattu, le cœur bien gros. Mais, en passant devant la porte d'une chaumière, il lui arriva à ce moment d'entendre un enfant lire à haute voix ce texte: "Ainsi que tes jours, telle sera ta force."

L'effet consolateur sur son esprit fut, dit-il, indescriptible. Ce fut comme une résurrection.

Souvent une parole accomplit beaucoup.

Tales Before Bedtime

Bridget

DADDY had made a splendid wireless set for Mummy, and for Prue too, of course, so that she could listen before she went to bed. So they were both very excited about it.

"I must put up the aerial today," said Daddy.

"Where are you going to fix it?" Mummy had asked.

"Oh, to one of the branches of the tall elm, I think," Daddy replied.

At his words Prue's face fell suddenly.

"But that's Bridget-of-a-Hundred-Arms; perhaps she won't like it," she said doubtfully.

Bridget-of-a-Hundred-Arms was the elm tree, a great friend of Prue's, who shared all her games with her.

"Well," said Daddy, smiling, "you had better ask Bridget; because I want to put it up this afternoon."

So Prue put her arms as far round Bridget's thick trunk as she could manage, and asked in a whisper if Daddy might fix his aerial to one of her branches, please.

Bridget, however, gave no answer. And Prue, who nearly always knew what Bridget thought about things, wasn't at all sure that she was pleased. She looked very still and aloof, and rather offended.

But Daddy said he couldn't wait any longer for Bridget's permission, and Prue watched anxiously as he fixed the wire to one of her high branches.

Prue was rather troubled about it all the evening, till in the excitement of listening to the Uncles and Aunties on the



She put her arms round Bridget

wireless she forgot Bridget for the moment.

But all at once Prue happened to look through the window down the garden.

"Mummy, Mummy," she cried, "do look at Bridget! She's listening too, and rocking with laughter. Look at her, she loves it!"

And there down the garden Bridget-of-a-Hundred-Arms was shaking from side to side, and rustling all her leaves as she shook. So Prue went to bed quite happy.

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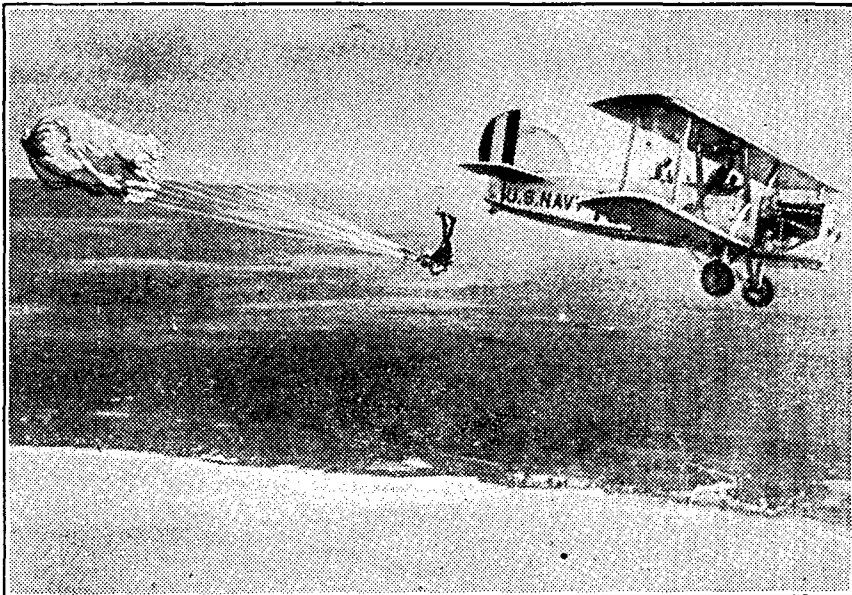
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

November 7, 1925

Every Thursday, 2d.

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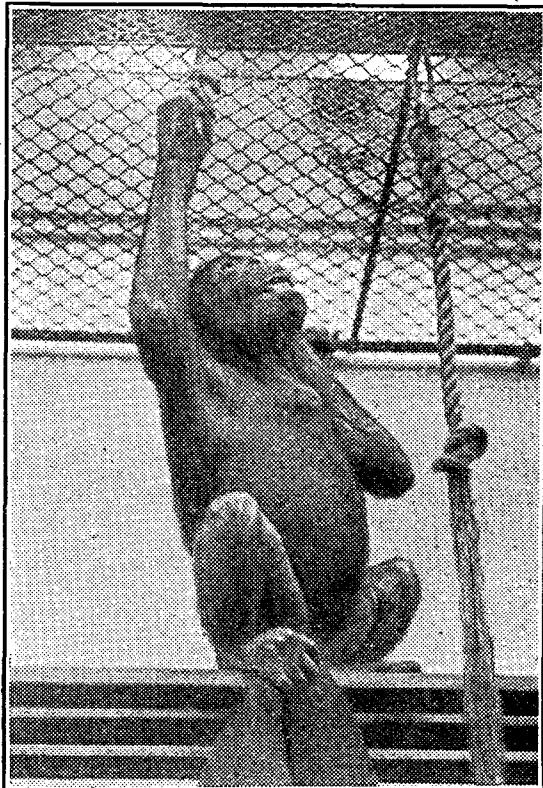
LONDON'S MOUNTAINEERS · LIGHT RAYS FOR MONKEYS · BOY SURVEYORS



A Jump from the Sky—An American airman, Lieutenant J. R. Tate, is here seen leaping from an aeroplane 2000 feet above Pearl Harbour, Honolulu. His position seems perilous, but he came down safely. What happens to a man like this after jumping is explained on page 7



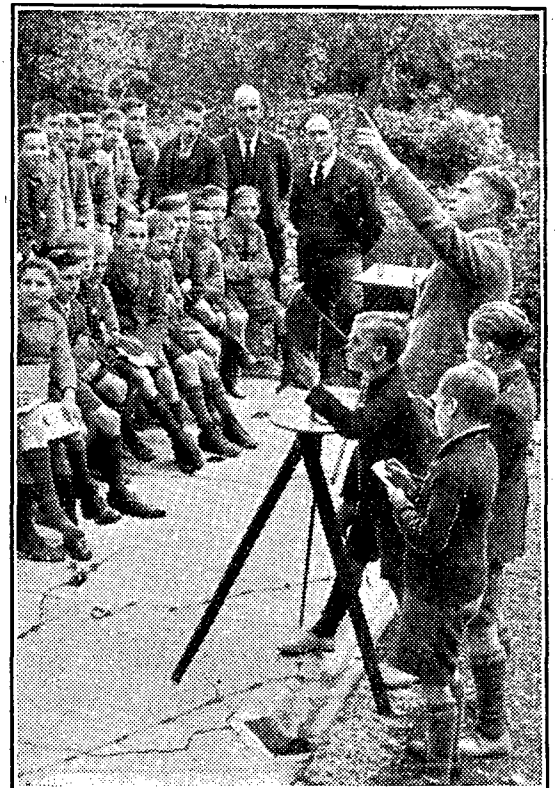
The Mountaineers of London—Sights like this have been common in London lately owing to the rebuilding of a large part of the West End. These men are used to working in difficult places and do not fear dizzy perches, as we can see. They are the mountaineers of London



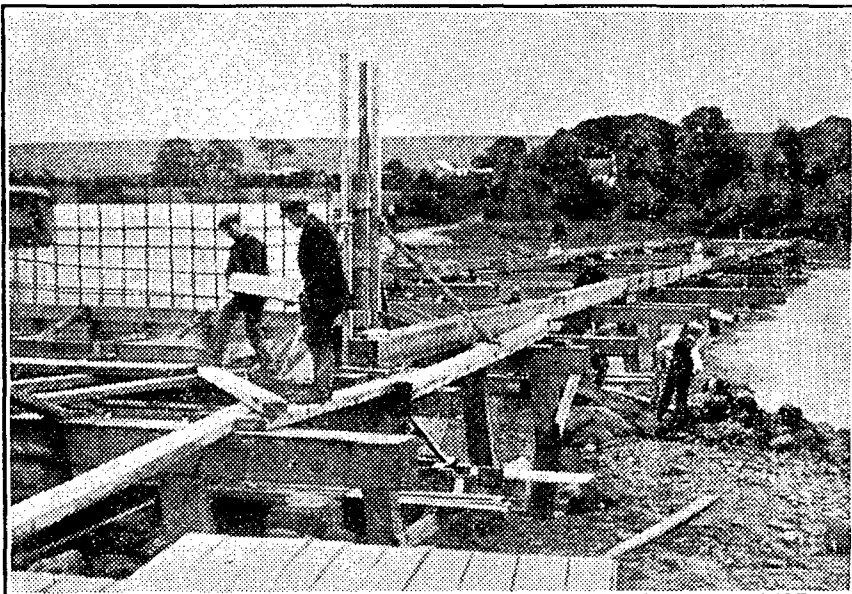
Artificial Sunbeams in the Monkey House—A novel idea in the monkey house at the London Zoo is to supply artificial daylight to the monkeys, as they come from countries of bright light. Murphy, the orang-utang, loves the glow



A Prince of a Peasant People—The people of Yugo-Slavia belong to several races, but are nearly all peasants; and here is their little Crown Prince, who has just celebrated his third birthday, in the typical and picturesque gala dress of the country folk of Slovenia



Schoolboy Surveyors—At Barham House, St. Leonards, where London schoolboys are sent for a breath of sea air, many interesting things are taught. These boys are taking the height of a building by means of a theodolite



The Irish Frontier Puzzle—The bridge in the picture is in Northern Ireland, and is being built across an arm of Lough Erne in order that passengers may avoid a road running for 200 yards into the Irish Free State, which involves the bother of passing customs barriers



The Nurseman of West Ham—Mr. William Cooper, who is 70, is often seen in West Ham Park with a child in a perambulator, to whom he acts as nursemaid, or rather nurseman. He has been carrying on this duty for more than a year, and is very popular and successful

MAN'S SECRET FRIEND IN THE WILDS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER

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